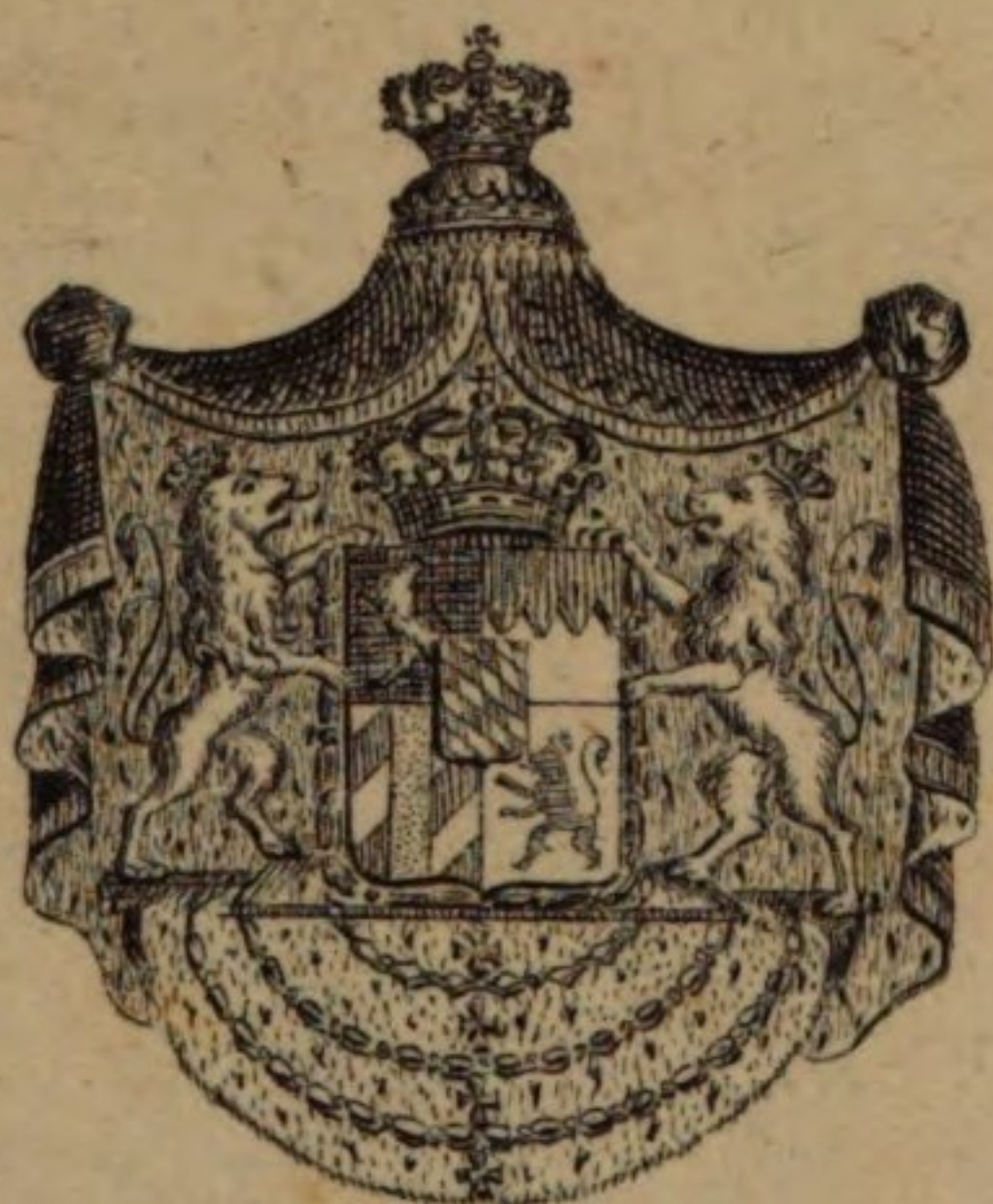


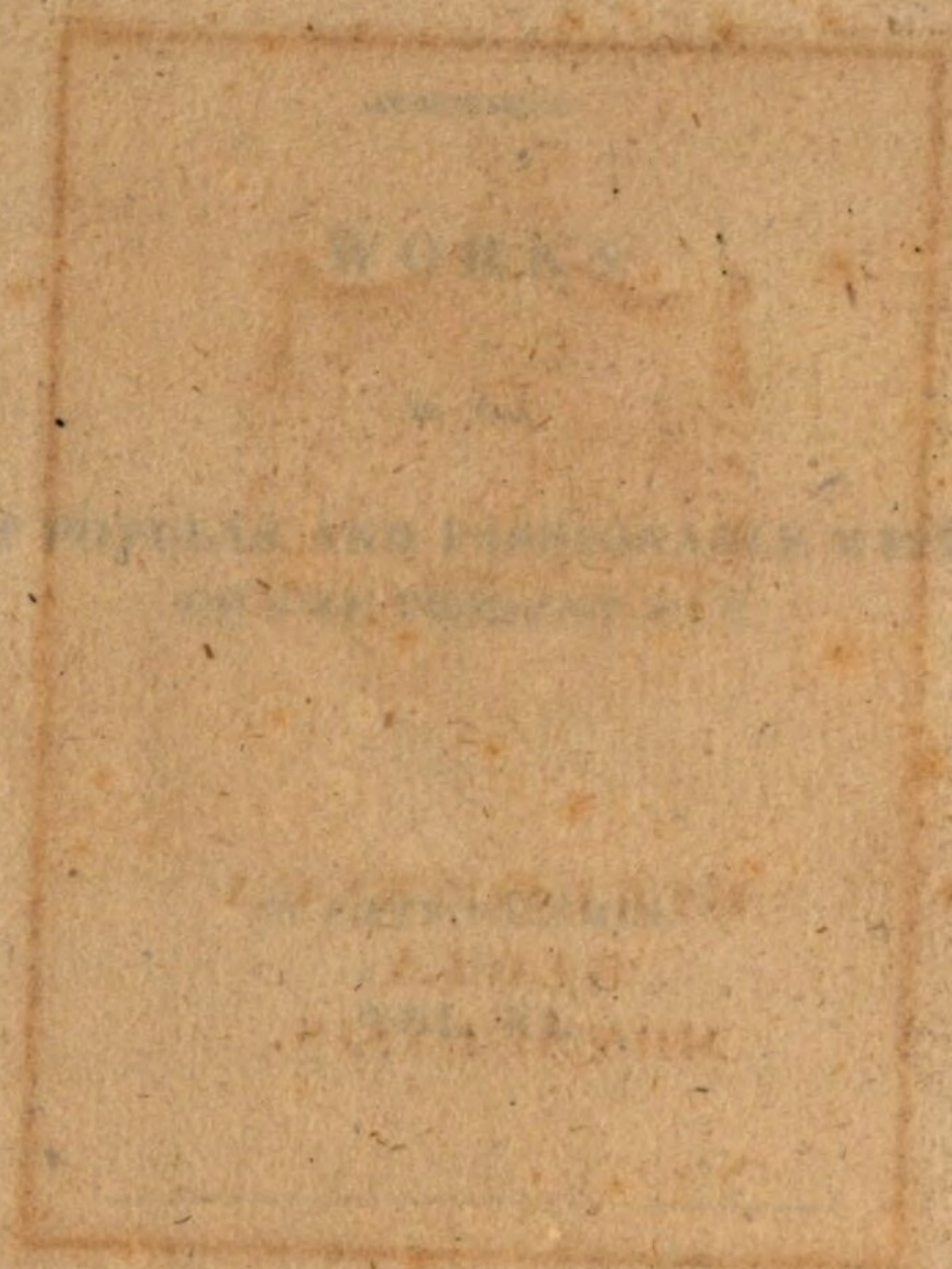


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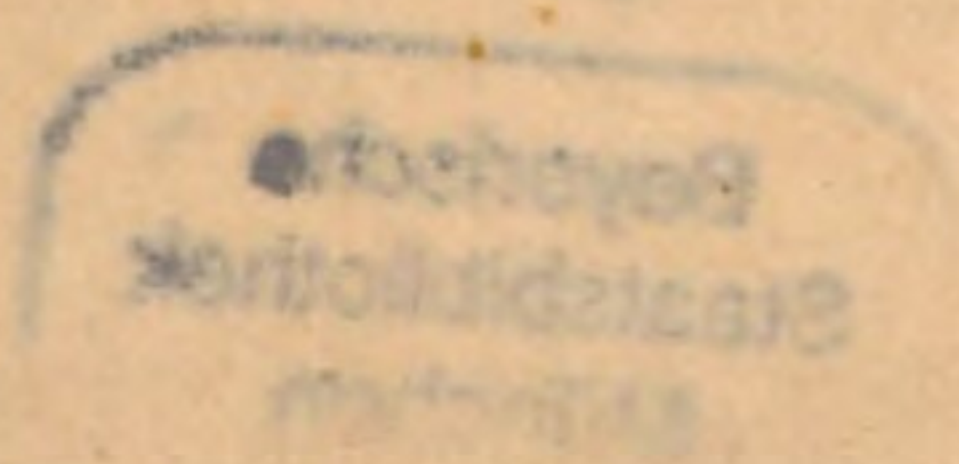
COMPRISING
WORKS

BY THE
**MOST POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE WRITERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.**

IN FIFTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XL.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR COLBURN AND BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.



THE NEW BRITISH NOVELIST

MOST POPULAR AND FAVORITE READER
OF THE PRESENT DAY

IN THE FORM OF
A NOVEL

LONDON

PRINTED FOR COLBURN AND BENTLEY

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É C A R T É.

CHAPTER I.

“ STEAM !—steam !—eternally steam ! Steam packets across the Atlantic—steam engines for our manufactures—birds hatched by steam—linen washed by steam ! Why, surely, this is nothing less than the Promethean fire stolen from Heaven in former days, and since fallen into disrepute. No project is now undertaken without steam. The whole secret of our existence will be reduced to the universal influence of steam : we shall live by steam—die by steam,

and go to Heaven, or to the other place, by steam. What say you, Clifford? what is your idea of this most gigantic of human inventions?"

This oration, the longest he had ever been known to make on any other subject than fox-hunting and the gout, was uttered by Sir Edward Delmaine, an elderly, good natured baronet, of Norman descent, who, comfortably seated over his wine in Grosvenor-street, with his legs wrapped in flannel, was performing the two-fold operation of discussing his second bottle of claret, and reading the *Courier* for the evening. At the opposite extremity of the table, sat a fine dark-looking young man, his nephew, who, like most nephews, in a *tête-à-tête* with an old uncle, was evidently indulging in thoughts that had not the most remote connexion with anything around him. He had regularly settled himself into a musing attitude. His legs were crossed—his left hand was thrust into the bosom of his waistcoat, and (a *point d'appui*

having been formed by the curvature of his right arm, the elbow resting on the highly polished table, along which it occasionally slipped to his evident annoyance) his head had the benefit of support from the other—while his body, like that of his companion, was half turned towards the faint fire which, even in the early part of September, the health of the invalid rendered, in some degree, indispensable to his comfort. From this incipient reverie he was now suddenly awakened, by the long and singularly energetic exclamation of the baronet, who had, moreover, thrown down the paper with a movement of impatience.

“In truth, my dear uncle,” he replied, smiling, and glancing at the paper, which contained a prodigiously long puff on the properties of steam, “the universality of this invention cannot be questioned; and I confess I am not without a belief that steam will, after all, be discovered to be the real philosopher’s stone—the great secret of wealth and improvement. We

shall soon, I dare say, see armies manœuvred by steam, and even the good City of London removed to the coast by steam, for the benefit of sea air in the season, without any interruption to the ordinary course of business. Moreover, I expect we shall have steam carriages and (we are told so in ‘The Mummy’) steam orators, and steam statesmen.”

“True, true,” rejoined the baronet, musingly ; then, after a pause—“Do you know, Clifford, that I have a great curiosity to try the motion of a steam vessel? What say you to a trip to the continent? Perhaps change of air will have the effect of ridding me of this infernal——”

“Gout,” he would have added, but a violent twinge, at that moment, contracted every feature of his somewhat ruddy countenance, and prevented the conclusion of the sentence.

“Most willingly,” replied the young man, as soon as the momentary pang had passed off ; “for, independently of my desire to fall in with any plan that has your health for its object, I

confess I think it high time that I should see something of the continent myself. It is now two years since I left Cambridge, and—”

“ Good, good,” interrupted the baronet ; “ we shall set off immediately : I to enjoy the pure air of the French capital ; you, of course, to bask in the sunshine of beauty. Ah, Clifford, Clifford, I wish from my soul that you would think of marrying.”

To this observation his companion made no reply ; but, taking out his watch, remarked that it was time for him to dress for an evening engagement : and he left the room, as if to avoid all further conversation on the subject. With an expressive “ humph,” the gouty baronet resumed his paper, and the easy position from which he had been momentarily deranged.

Preparations of any description are certainly nowhere sooner made than in London. At an early hour on the following Monday, the carriage of Sir Edward Delmaine was at the door of his residence. His gout had considerably

subsided, but the good baronet was too much a favourite to be suffered to depart, without every due precaution being taken to guard him against the sea breeze and other casualties. His housekeeper, a respectable old lady of fifty, had literally buried his legs in a bed of flannel, so that when he appeared at the hall door, he had more the appearance of a mummy than of a traveller. With some difficulty, the butler contrived to raise him into his seat, amid the repeated entreaties of Mrs. Carey that the bandages might not be deranged. Recollecting that she had only confined him in a box-coat, of a thickness sufficient to impede the usage of his arms, the good lady hobbled into the hall, and soon re-appeared with a cloak of voluminous dimensions, which she successively charged the two domestics by whom they were accompanied to throw over Sir Edward immediately after their embarkation. This important point being settled, the carriage was driven off, followed by the prayers of the household,

collected to take leave of a master whose excellent qualities of heart and disposition, had long since rendered him an object of universal esteem and veneration.

It being the wish of the baronet to travel by easy stages, two days were employed in the journey to Dover; and on the morning of the third, although the wind was particularly unfavourable, they embarked on board the steam vessel for Calais. Apprehending a renewal of his malady, Delmaine had prevailed on his uncle to retire to the small cabin which he had engaged for the purpose; and, protected against the inclemency of the weather by the ample folds of his cloak, remained himself on deck. Here he found a temporary amusement, in contemplating the different groups, of all ranks and conditions, promiscuously huddled together, and discussing their meditated movements on a land already encumbered with visitants of a description little calculated to impress any very favourable opinion of English manners, and English so-

ciety, on the minds of the various continental people.

“Do you think we shall reach Calais without accident, Sir?” inquired a huge mass of moving clay, whose habiliment alone proclaimed the sex to which it belonged, while the Stentorian lungs, dappled cheeks, and abruptness of manner, sufficiently indicated the class of the querist.

The person interrogated deigned not a reply; but, fixing the speaker with a look of mingled surprise and indignation, appeared to wonder at a question from one so apparently unimportant.

“Do you think we shall reach Calais without accident?” repeated the lady, in no way moved or discouraged by the repulsive manner of her neighbour.

“Really, Madam,” at length muttered the gentleman, anxious to disembarass himself of his uncourtly companion, and looking round to see if any person of seeming consequence was attending to the colloquy, “I fear we are not without considerable danger—the clouds are

gathering fast—the wind, already high, is increasing every moment, and the appearance of the sea indicates an approaching storm.”

“ Good Lord, Sir ! are you serious ? ” and the arm of the informer was compressed within a grasp of no very feminine nature.

This was falling from Scylla into Charybdis. Much offended at the liberty, but more vexed at certain marks of sarcastic pleasure imprinted on the features of such of his fellow passengers as were inaccessible to the nausea of sea sickness, and consequently disposed to enjoy a scene, the continuation of which promised to afford some amusement, the first impulse of the person called on, was to repel familiarity with silence ; but, aware of the necessity for self-command, and unwilling to appear wanting in *savoir vivre*, he replied, though in a tone of ill-suppressed irritation, that he was perfectly serious, every thing indicating a tempest ; and, after briefly exposing the inconvenience of her remaining on

deck, concluded by strongly recommending her to retire to the cabin as a place of safety.

“ Oh, la ! that ever I should have been so unlucky as to trust myself on the wide sea in a gale of wind,” exclaimed the lady, heedless of the admonition, and turning her large gray eyes up to heaven with puritanical expression.

The tone in which this ejaculation was uttered, contrasted too forcibly with any thing that had hitherto met the delicate ears of her companion, not to inspire him with absolute horror. Energy of language is generally accompanied by energy of action. The exclamation of the lady was followed by an increased pressure of the arm, which drew from the body to which it was attached, an interjection of a no less fervent character.

“ Good Heaven ! Madam,” he vociferated, his dignity fading before the violence of the pain,—“ you have the grasp of a bear.” A general and vainly suppressed laugh, proclaimed the amusement of several of the passengers. The

lady, however, very unceremoniously passed her arm entirely through that of the sufferer, intimating that she should thus secure a protector from danger, without being subjected to a repetition of the injury.

The patience of her companion was now nearly exhausted. Annoyed, mortified, and confounded, at the perseverance with which this singular and unfashionable personage continued to persecute him, he wished her, from his soul, at the bottom of the sea; and, though he succeeded in repressing any other demonstration of ire, the expression of his countenance bore too ample testimony to his feelings, to render them an instant doubtful. The contrast of their persons heightened the ridicule of the scene to the last degree, the gentleman being excessively tall and thin, the lady unusually short, and gifted with a rotundity of form, not unlike that of one of the puncheons over which she had all the appearance of having, at one period of her life, presided.

After a short pause—"Do you visit Paris, Sir?"

"No, Madam, my route is Brussels."

"How very sorry I am—we should have been pleasant company, Sir, had you been going to Paris."

"Very pleasant company indeed," was the reply, accompanied by a smile of contempt, playing upon an upper lip peculiarly formed for the expression of ill-nature.

"At least, you will see me safely landed in Calais, and prevent the custom-house officers from robbing me."

The unhappy sufferer stared—"Have you much to lose, Madam?" he demanded, in a tone of sarcasm, and glancing at the "sea dress," as she termed the once crimson gown, which was partly visible, beneath an equally rusty bath cloak, extending half way down her body.

"Oh, Lord, yes; I have brought over two new dresses for Lucy and Fanny, the exact patterns of those to be worn at the Lady

Mayoress's next ball ; two pairs of new satin boots——”

The list was here interrupted by a movement on the part of the gentleman, who, disengaging his arm with extreme violence, withdrew the necessary equilibrium from his companion. Falling in a singular position, this unfortunate personage now left exposed to view a pair of legs, which might have served for representatives of those of the knight of Windsor. At this moment, a sudden plunge of the vessel threw the tall gentleman off his legs, and immediately across the body of the lady, offering to the admiration of the delighted passengers, a more animated figure of a cross than had ever before been represented in a similar manner. Their arms, meanwhile, were far from proving unnecessary appendages, those of the lady being warmly employed in boxing the fallen culprit's ears; while those of the latter, more peaceably disposed, caught at every object within his reach, in order to extricate him from his situation. At

length, as a last resource, he grasped at the leg of an elderly gentleman wrapped in a plaid cloak, leaning over the side of the vessel, and very unwillingly disgorging a breakfast which had cost him half-a-crown at the London Hotel. The person thus assailed, *à l'improviste*, not having time to secure himself, soon came also to the deck, uttering, as he fell, the very pathetic exclamation of "Blood and wounds! what do you mean?"

At length, the two gentlemen succeeded in regaining their feet, when Clifford, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, attracted by the cries of the lady, and the unfeeling mirth of the passengers, came forward to the assistance of the former. Raising her, though not without some difficulty, from the deck, he offered to conduct her to the cabin, where several berths were at that moment unoccupied.

The ire of the injured personage was somewhat appeased by the polite manner of Del-

maine, who, mildly renewing his offer of service, tendered the assistance of his arm.

“ Thank you, Sir, you are really a gentleman,” vociferated the dame ; “ but as for that fellow, who is starched and stayed like a dandy, it is well for him that he is going anywhere but to Paris, otherwise my son would find him out, and punish him for an impertinent, that he is. I’ll have him know—”

The rest of the philippic was lost to those above, the unwieldy frame of the speaker having disappeared along the steps conducting to the cabin.

The effect produced by this speech, on the person whose extreme rudeness had called it forth, was obvious. The expression of his countenance had entirely changed, and he stood in the attitude of one sensible of a fault, and studying the means by which a reparation might be accomplished.

In a few minutes, his determination appeared to be formed, and, hastening below, he left the

curious and gaping crowd to comment at leisure on the singularity of his conduct, and the probable cause of his descent; while, as usual in such cases, and in strict conformity with the propensity of the animal man, some half-dozen followed at intervals, and under various pretexts, in order to gain wherewith to amuse themselves and friends on their journey.

The increased violence of the wind rendering the motion of the vessel excessively unpleasant, and the rain beginning to fall rather heavily, Delmaine was soon glad to follow their example. Throwing himself into a vacant berth, he attempted to remove, by compression, the disagreeable sick head-ache almost invariably produced by the noise and odour of steam.

The scene had wholly changed. Harmony and good humour appeared to have been restored between the contending parties, and the recent offender had adopted an amiability of manner, towards the object of his late disgust, which could not fail to surprise individuals so

inquisitive as the generality of those who had witnessed the original rupture. Several whispered wonderings, and expressive glances attested the workings of curiosity ; but it seemed neither the inclination of the gentleman, nor the intention of the lady, to throw any light on the significant smiles of the few who had been spectators of the reconciliation, and who absolutely laboured under the weight of a secret which they burned to disclose. The latter had divested herself of her outer garment, and appeared busily occupied in arranging the before mentioned dresses of Misses Fanny and Lucy, the enumeration of which had led to her catastrophe. It being found impossible to dispose of them in the ordinary manner, their voluminous proportions admitted, at least, of the passage of the body, compressed as if by a strait waistcoat, and at the great hazard of rending in twain those very valuable specimens of city taste and elegance. While busied in passing the sleeves under her arms, and securing them by the aid of strings,

pins, &c., her eye unluckily caught the fixed stare of a rough, weather-beaten soldier, with a pair of mustachios not unlike those of a tiger-cat. This severe looking object, lay extended in a berth immediately opposite to that occupied by Delmaine, and was contemplating her movements with a very natural and justifiable portion of surprise. The idea of his being a custom-house officer, immediately occurred to her, and turning to her companion with evident panic—

“Do, my dear Mr. Darte, only look at that man with the mustachios; I am sure he is a custom-house officer—I know it from his eye—I shall lose all I have—what will Lucy and Fanny say?”

“Pardon me, Madam,” returned Mr. Darte, interrupting her chain of exclamation, uttered in as doleful a tone as the roughest of female voices could possibly attain—“you are in error; that person cannot be attached to the custom-house. He is in the undress of a French officer, and his *bonnet de police*—”

“Police, ah! yes; I was certain he belonged to the police—pray offer him half-a-crown—that is much less than the duty, you know.”

“Really, Madam,” replied her companion, with a humility rendered more remarkable by the recollection of his former hauteur, “you misunderstand me. The forage cap worn by military men is termed, in France, a *bonnet de police*, and that which he wears indicates his claim to the rank of an officer.”

The words, mustachios, *bonnet de police*, France, and French officer, together with the occasional glances of the passengers, leading the soldier, who was totally ignorant of the language, to consider himself the object of some ill-timed *plaisanterie*, he started from his recumbent position, and twisting his mustachios with one hand, while with the other he placed his *bonnet* in an attitude of defiance, demanded in his own tongue, and in terms of extreme volubility, the subject of their conversation.

The gentleman explained, while the lady,

alive only to her fears of custom-house officers and fancying his object was to extort money, drew forth a dirty green silk purse, and took from it a half-crown-piece, which she tendered as unceremoniously as she would have done to a beggar in the street.

The fury of the Frenchman was at its height—his eyes flashed fire, and he absolutely foamed at the mouth. Turning fiercely to the person he had at first accosted, and in language half inarticulate from emotion—"Sans doute, Monsieur, vous êtes le mari de cette dame, et vous me rendrez raison--Je suis militaire, Monsieur—Je suis Français, Monsieur—Je suis homme d'honneur, Monsieur—quelle indignité!" and the irascible soldier continued to rant and beat his breast, until it resounded like the hollow of a kettle-drum.

Again the gentleman explained, and, endeavouring to show the error of the lady, as rather a source of mirth than a motive for anger,

sought to appease the choler of the petulant Gaul.

“ N’importe, Monsieur ; je me trouve insulté, et vous me rendrez raison—sac-r-r-r-r.” The noise produced by the articulation of the last expressive word, was so like the springing of a watchman’s rattle, that the several females in the cabin, as if by one common instinct, stopped their ears with their fingers, while one or two burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

This was adding fuel to the fire of the offended party. His antagonist, however, wanted not courage. Finding every demonstration of a peaceful nature ineffectual, he coolly and emphatically observed—

“ I have not the honour of being that lady’s husband, Sir ;” (“ *quel honneur !*” muttered the Frenchman) “ but, as she is without any other escort, and you have thought proper to make me responsible for an error originating in herself, I shall be happy to afford you that redress which you seem to require. Any arrangements

will be better made on deck." And he motioned to withdraw.

The determined manner in which this reply was made, acted at once on the vehement soldier; who, assuming a milder tone, declared he could not think of rendering Monsieur responsible for the actions of Madame, with whom, it appeared, he was in no way connected by the ties of relationship. He professed himself perfectly satisfied with the first explanation, and, after some dozen inclinations, which were returned by an equal number of awkward reverences on the part of the unwieldy Mrs. Rivers, retired to digest any remaining bile, at leisure, in his berth.

The person who had given rise to this confusion, being utterly ignorant of the French language, and consequently unacquainted with the nature of the scene she had occasioned, could not avoid expressing astonishment, that her "good English silver," as she termed it, had been refused, and, with no less satisfaction

at being spared the necessity of making so material a sacrifice, returned it to her purse. Her champion, however, conceiving it proper to explain the error into which she had fallen, together with the consequences it had threatened to entail, disclosed as much of the subject of altercation as he deemed sufficient to render her more circumspect in future.

Peace was, for a second time, restored ; and a very amiable disquisition ensued on the French character, in which the opinions of sagacious individuals, who had never before lost sight of their respective habitations, were delivered with much freedom, and more prejudice ; when the sudden cessation of the action of steam, and the increased pitching of the vessel, in announcing the termination of the voyage, drew the passengers, confusedly and clamorously, on deck. Their destination had, however, been gained only in part. They were then in the offing, but, in consequence of the reflux of the tide, it was found impossible to

enter the harbour. No alternative was left, for those who did not prefer being tossed about at the pleasure of the elements, but to avail themselves of the boats, several of which were rapidly approaching, and manœuvring to reach the vessel without accident.

Men, women, children, spaniels, night-bags, and umbrellas, were huddled, without order or distinction, into each boat as it arrived, and packed off like so many bales of merchandize; the former part of the cargo to be bid for by every *maître d'hôtel* in the place, whose numerous and annoying agents, thronging the piers and infesting the public streets, are instructed to assail every passenger on his landing, and to fasten, like harpies, on those who have the weakness to yield to their clamorous importunity.

In a few minutes the deck was cleared, so that, with the exception of a gentleman and his daughter, who had occupied the body of their carriage during the passage, Delmaine and his uncle were now the only remaining persons.

The last boat had approached, and Sir Edward being assisted on deck, recognized an old friend in the stranger, a tall handsome man, apparently about forty five, whose deportment bespoke the gentleman and the soldier.

The hurried forms of introduction being gone through, and the whole party with their attendants embarked, the boat was pushed off, but owing either to the awkwardness of the crew, or the mismanagement of the helmsman, they were in the greatest danger of foundering, and all was, for the space of a few minutes, confusion and dismay. Excessively terrified, the young lady grasped the arm of her father, whose anxiety for his child spoke in every feature of his intelligent countenance. Sir Edward stamped, regardless of his gout—the boatmen swore—all commanded—none obeyed, and their danger was very imminent. At length, the bark, one gunwale of which had been nearly a minute under water, was restored to its proper position; and although the violence of the

tempest dashed the waves over their heads in a fearful manner, the harbour was finally gained without further accident, much to the satisfaction of the crowds collected by interest or curiosity on the quays, who expected every moment to see the boat overwhelmed by the magnitude of the sea.

Their names and addresses being left at the custom-house, our voyagers lost no time in repairing to Quillacq's, whither the domestic of Sir Edward had been dispatched in one of the first boats to prepare apartments and an excellent fire.

CHAPTER II.

IF voyaging by steam has its advantages, it is at least attended by one serious inconvenience in bad weather, and possibly there are few persons who know not from painful experience, that a head-ache, produced by the motion of a steam vessel, is infinitely more violent than any other to which poor flesh is heir. Such at least was the opinion of our party, who, after having partaken of a few slight refreshments, were glad to repair at an early hour to their respective apartments; Sir Edward gravely

remarking, as he slowly ascended the staircase, that his curiosity was at length gratified, and much he feared to his cost: the humidity and cold had in some measure aroused his dormant tormentor, strong symptoms of whose irritation were momentarily becoming more evident.

It was not until a late hour on the following morning, that the party appeared in the breakfast-room. Delmaine, however, had been some time risen, and was then engaged in the perusal of the *Journal des Débats*, containing a bulletin of the French king's declining health, when Miss Stanley entered, reclining on the arm of her father, both yet languid from the effect of their fatigue. Throwing aside the paper, our hero hastened to receive them; and as the young lady replied to his polite inquiries after her health, he fancied he had never beheld a woman more strikingly interesting.

Helen Stanley was then in her twenty-second year. Her figure was of that height and proportion which give to the majestic a certain sylph-

like flexibility of movement, leaving the judgment in suspense between admiration and love. Without being strictly regular, her features were handsome ; and the paleness of her complexion contrasting with two full dark eyes, whose general expression was that of languor, while they were occasionally lighted up by all the fires of enthusiasm, indicated a mind given to profound reflection. Her hair, of a length and thickness common only to those who have derived their being under scorching suns, was of a dark auburn, giving an air of luxury to her whole person, which it was impossible to observe unmoved. Her arm, delicately white, was terminated by a hand of exquisite proportion. Her movements, though free and unstudied, bore that character of voluptuousness which is in general the effect of coquetry ; but which in her, sprung only from the ardent feelings manifested in every line of her speaking countenance. Such was the person of Miss Stanley—the being formed after the model Delmaine had ever fan-

ced of female beauty. No wonder, that in contemplating the dangerous syren, he should have forgotten that his uncle was an invalid, and incapable of descending without assistance.

Recalled to himself by a question from the colonel, he left the room, and soon re-appeared with Sir Edward, who congratulating his friends on their comparatively good looks, and himself on the vagueness of his apprehensions, added, that the most sensible thing they could do was to pay their court to the excellent breakfast smoking on the table—a proposal which met not with one dissenting voice.

The conversation turning on the singularity of the meeting of the two friends, at the moment when one was supposed to be several thousand miles distant, the colonel informed Sir Edward that ill health had compelled him to abandon the luxurious climate of the east for ever, and that, by the advice of his physicians, he was then proceeding to the south of France, where

it was his intention to remain until time and regimen should effect his restoration. He added, that he had made no other stay in London than was absolutely necessary for his own and daughter's repose ; and pleaded the determination he had formed of partial seclusion, as an excuse for not having waited on the companion of his younger days.

Unwilling to admit the apology, the baronet good humouredly avowed his intention to revenge himself for his friend's neglect, by insisting on his passing with him the period intended for his own sojourn in the French capital.

With a languid smile, the colonel turned to his daughter. " Do you hear the decision of Sir Edward, Helen ? And are you disposed to acknowledge his authority ? "

The fine eyes of Ellen were lighted up with momentary vivacity ; and she hastened to assure her father that the wishes of Sir Edward Delmaine were too much in unison with her own

feelings to meet with the slightest opposition from her.

Our hero, who, notwithstanding his admiration of the speaker, had not found his appetite at all impeded by the occasional homage of his eyes, heard this engagement entered into with pleasure ; for in the course of their meal he had discovered much of mind in the various remarks elicited by their conversation, and he longed for further opportunity of forming a more decided opinion.

A message was here delivered from the colonel's coachman, stating that one of the carriage springs had been broken in the landing, and that it could not be repaired in less than two days.

“ Just like the French,” muttered Sir Edward : “ twenty years ago they were as much advanced as they are at present, and what in England would be done in a few hours, cannot here be accomplished in as many days.”

As Calais offered little to attract the attention of the stranger, its principal curiosity being the impress of the late king's foot on the pier, carefully preserved in brass, and ostentatiously pointed out to the visitor, the departure of our travellers had been fixed on for the same day. In this dilemma it was deemed necessary to have recourse to the master of the hotel, and Monsieur Quillacq was accordingly summoned.

With reverences innumerable, Monsieur Quillacq entered the breakfast-room, and in reply to a question from the colonel, professed himself quite *au desespoir* at his inability to procure him a carriage sufficiently large to contain two persons with their attendants. Several English families, who had arrived the preceding day, had taken all the *chaises de poste* in his possession, and he greatly feared it would be difficult to find one sufficiently commodious in Calais, a great demand having been made for conveyances at all the hotels, by the travellers of the preceding day.

Amid the disappointment produced by this information, an idea occurred to Delmaine which promised to remove every difficulty. He accordingly proposed that his uncle, the colonel, and Miss Stanley, with a part of their domestics, should occupy the carriage of Sir Edward, leaving the remainder of the servants to follow with the second vehicle as soon as repaired, while he secured a seat for the following morning in the diligence.

This suggestion, warmly seconded by Sir Edward, was, after some hesitation on the part of their friends, unwilling to subject Clifford to the inconvenience, finally adopted, and in the course of a few hours their temporary adieus were exchanged, and the carriage was driven off as fast as five post horses, excited to their utmost speed by the multiplied reverberations of the postilion's whip, could possibly convey it over the heavy and irregular pavement.

The morning was passed by our hero in visiting the English reading-room in the Place

d'Armes, and in lounging on the pier, where parties of his countrywomen were grouped in such numbers as to make him half imagine himself on his native shore. The shrill cries of the sturdy *poissardes*, preferred in accent almost unintelligible, however reminded him of his error.

Dinner being announced soon after his return from his ramble, he sought to shake off at the *table d'hôte*, an unpleasant feeling of solitude that had gradually been creeping over him since the departure of his friends, though he could not well determine whether it originated in regret at the separation from his uncle alone, or whether another individual of the party had contributed to call it forth. The latter motive he was unwilling to confess to himself, and bringing a few glasses of Champaign to his aid, soon found in the exhilarating beverage, a temporary relief from the reflections into which he had been so disagreeably plunged.

The evening was spent in visiting the Calais theatre, where a very inferior company of come-

dians were then engaged. The entertainment consisted of the inimitable "Tartuffe" of Molière, and the "Soldat Laboureur," a piece of decided popularity in France, and calculated to awaken the liveliest recollections of their former glory. For the wretched performance of the first, Delmaine was in some measure compensated by that of the latter, in which every character seemed to be felt and understood.

Among the most remarkable of the English audience, was the celebrated G—— B——, of fashionable memory. Delmaine, who, in common with all mankind, had heard much of his skill in tying a cravat, and the delicacy of his taste in perfumes, felt some little curiosity to know how far he merited his reputation in these momentous points; and as he occupied the adjoining box, he found no difficulty in obtaining a perfect view of the "Lion." Notwithstanding the most scrupulous attention, however, he could not perceive anything in the 'knot divine,' to entitle it to rank above those of our

less veteran exquisites; and he conceived that he was in the habit of using nearly as good perfumes himself. The reputation of the exile, however, he knew was too firmly established to be shaken by the breath of detraction; and he was compelled to admit, that whatever might be his individual opinion, the circumstance alone of B——ll having deprecated the idea of taking malt with cheese, was in itself sufficient to stamp him with immortality, and entitle him at once to the admiration and imitation of Fashion's noblest votaries.

The heavy rumbling noise of the diligence at an early hour on the following morning, announced the moment of departure to our hero, who, never yet having visited France, was not a little surprised to find this cumbrous vehicle to be the machine in which he was to perform his journey to the capital. Five stout and vigorous horses, whose trappings were various as their own hues, stood neighing and pawing in their harness; and the *conducteur* vociferating loudly

for the *Voyageur Anglais*, he hastily finished his coffee, and threw himself into his seat; when the postilion, literally jumping into the enormous boots which stood waiting for his reception in the yard, mounted the near wheeler, and drove off at full speed, drowning the adieus of the bystanders, the clamorous appeals of the beggars, and the yelping of the curs in the more deafening sounds produced by his whip.

Perhaps there are few travellers who have not found the road from Calais to Boulogne excessively dull and monotonous, especially during the hotter season of the year; when the eye, fatigued by the oppressive rays of a meridian sun reflected on the white roads and cliffs, vainly turns to rest on some point of relief in the distance; or, discouraged by the long extent of barren country which it embraces, feels desirous to shut out exterior objects altogether, until a more animated and less unbroken prospect shall be offered to the view.

Such at least were the feelings of Delmaine,

who had no sooner passed the barriers and suburbs of Calais, than he withdrew his gaze from the dull surrounding country, and amused himself with observing his *compagnons de voyage*, all of whom were French, and consisted of a female and two men.

Immediately opposite to him sat one of the latter, whose conversation and appearance bespoke the merchant; and in the next angle, a short, vulgar looking man, who had all the air of being what he subsequently avowed himself—an officer of infantry. The seat on the right of our hero was occupied by the female, a woman who appeared to have numbered nearly forty summers. Her person was full and commanding; her skin of a fairness not usually met with in France, and her blonde tresses fell in luxuriance over her forehead. Her eyes were of a light blue, and she had the air of being what the French so energetically term, *une femme voluptueuse*: yet she was not handsome; for although her features were not deficient in regu-

larity or expression, her teeth were discoloured, and her face, though fair, was not free from certain spots, which in vulgar English are termed grog-blossoms. She held a child of four or five years of age on her knees, whose white locks and skin fully marked it as her own.

The French are not long in making their advances towards acquaintance. The officer broke the ice by some cursory observation. The lady replied. The merchant introduced a remark, and the conversation became general between the trio.

In five minutes, the merchant had revealed his name and quality, the officer his rank and profession, and the lady's history was entered upon.

Madame Dorjeville announced herself as the widow of a colonel of cuirassiers, who had fallen a victim to the severity of wounds received at Waterloo. The period which had succeeded to this event, she said she had spent in America, on a visit to some connexions of her lamented

husband, residing in Philadelphia, from whence she was now on her return to Paris, for the purpose of applying for a pension from government. This affair terminated, it was her intention to retire to her native province in the south, and there devote herself to the education of her child. The language she made use of was elegant: her tone and manner were those of a woman accustomed to good society; but our hero could not reconcile these qualities with the freedom of a disclosure thus made to persons who were evidently strangers.

Both the merchant and the soldier had listened eagerly to her recital, as if reluctant to lose a word, and they were now loud in their offers of service. Any thing in the world they could possibly do for her, they proposed themselves ready and willing to undertake; and they hoped she would honour them with her commands. Meanwhile, they vied with each other in attention to the child; and, vowing it *charmant, un petit ange, un amour, &c.*, left none of its wants

unattended or ungratified. Madame Dorjeville placed her hand repeatedly on her heart—was overwhelmed by their politeness, and confessed her inability to reply to so much considerate attention as she ought. In the course of conversation, and while taking out his pocket-handkerchief, the merchant accidentally discovered a large silk purse filled with Napoleons. It was, however, instantly restored to its place.

Although Englishmen may, at first sight, deem the name of diligence ill applied to the conveyances used in France, they must eventually admit that travelling in that country is nearly as expeditious as it is in England ; and when it is considered, that instead of a smooth hard road, the wheels of the vehicle have to run over a great portion of paved country, in which those of a carriage of a lighter description would prove of little service, the vaunted advantages of celerity of movement on which we so much pride ourselves, will appear less the result of perfection in our travelling system, than of the excel-

lence of our roads ; neither can it be denied, that scarcely more time is taken up in the relays in one country than in the other. Within the last ten years, travelling in France has become much more expeditious ; and the journey from Calais to Boulogne performed in seven-and-twenty hours, as it is at present, is certainly an evidence of the truth of this assertion. One decided advantage which the French diligence has over the English stage-coach is, independently of the easiness of motion, its utter freedom from those impure odours which are so offensive in the latter, and which may be attributed to their being lined with cloth, subject to frequent humidity, instead of plush, as is invariably the case in France.

Boulogne, Montreuil, &c., were successively passed by our travellers ; and the new-made acquaintance of the French party was rapidly ripening into intimacy. They had dined at Montreuil, and at midnight alighted at Amiens to partake of a bad supper, which they were

compelled, as usual, to leave unfinished, in order to answer the *allons Messieurs et Dames, en route*, of the conductor, too well versed in the interests of the house to suffer his charge to run the risk of indigestion on the way—a service invariably recompensed by a meal gratis for himself.

At Beauvais, on the following morning, they stopped to breakfast, and had scarcely reached the *salle à manger*, when the *soi-disant* colonel's widow, after a long and ineffectual search on her person, and in the diligence, announced the loss of her purse, containing sixteen Napoleons, three five franc pieces, and some smaller coin. Her new friends were quite afflicted at the circumstance, and warmly sympathised in her grief. The merchant at length suggesting the possibility of her having forgotten it at Amiens, she expressed a similar belief, and conceived that it had been left on the table of the room into which she had been shown on her arrival. A courier was immediately despatched on horse-

back, with directions to bring it, if found, to an address which she gave him in Paris, and after having swallowed her breakfast with an appetite evidently impaired by her recent loss, she resumed her seat in the diligence.

Delmaine, who had preceded the vehicle on foot, in order to regain some of that elasticity of which his uneasy position during the night had robbed him, was soon overtaken. He was struck, on entering, by the change of manner which had been operated on his fellow-travellers. The eyes of the female were swollen, and her cheeks bore the marks of recent tears: she was then pensively reclining over her child, her head supported by her right arm placed against the angle of the carriage. The officer sat with his arms folded across his breast, and appeared to have lost all his former vivacity. The merchant's eyes were closed beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, nearly as black as the silk *bonnet de nuit* with which his head was ornamented; but their occasional twinkling proved his aim to be less

repose than the exclusion of the objects before him. The silence was only broken by the lively and unanswered remarks of the child addressed to the officer, whose hand was no longer held forth in token of amity and affection.

Our hero sat musing on the scene before him, and was at a loss to account for a stillness, rendered more striking by the extreme volubility in which the parties had previously indulged. Madame Dorjeville he naturally conceived might feel some little disquietude for the loss she had sustained; yet, as there was some probability of the purse being found at Amiens, he could scarcely attribute her present despondency to this motive alone; but he could not find the slightest clue to the behaviour of her countrymen, who, instead of rallying her, and endeavouring to offer consolation, were evidently as studious to avoid all communication, as they had previously been to attract her attention.

A key to the mystery was, however, soon afforded: at the foot of a steep hill, the pace of

the horses was slackened for the ascent, and most of the passengers choosing to alight, Delmaine found himself alone in the carriage with the widow, and addressing her for the first time, expressed at once his regret for her loss, and a hope that it would not be attended by any serious inconvenience.

The lady returned her acknowledgements for the interest he seemed to entertain in her favour, and regretted to observe, that although the sum in question was a very trifle, she felt its loss as a severe evil for the moment, being utterly unprovided with other funds in Paris, where she must remain until a remittance could be sent from her friends in the south. She added, that she had already requested the merchant to do her the favour to become her banker for ten or fifteen Napoleons, until a reply to her letter should be forwarded with the necessary remittance; but that he had very ungallantly declined, under the plea of her being an utter stranger to him. The officer who had been caressing her child at the

moment of her application, no sooner heard the request and answer, than, apprehensive, probably, of a similar demand on his own purse, he abruptly discontinued his attentions, and adopting the chilling air of reserve which had been assumed by his companion, suddenly changed his loquacious manner, for the unbroken silence which had surprised Delmaine on his entrance, and had since continued to prevail.

Our hero, though kind hearted and generous, was not a hero of romance—or, in other words, he had not that unreserved faith in the perfection and disinterestedness of mankind, which, when carried beyond the bounds of probability, leads one less to applaud the heart than to question the judgment and the understanding. Certain circumstances in the course of the lady's narrative, and some part of her conduct during the journey, had impressed him with rather an unfavourable opinion of the person with whom he was now conversing; yet he could not unconcernedly behold a female, whose appearance

certainly indicated her claim to a respectable rank in society, while her language and manner, proved her by no means destitute of education and accomplishments, thus subjected to probable inconvenience with the additional charge of a young child. He felt for the humiliation she appeared to endure in the abrupt refusal experienced from one of her countrymen, and the subsequent altered conduct of both; yet although the sum she required was a mere bagatelle, and, notwithstanding he had even sought the present opportunity of making a tender of service, both his pride and his self-love caused him to shrink from the idea of becoming the dupe of a woman who might, after all, prove a mere adventuress.

At length, generosity and feeling triumphed over every more narrow and prudential consideration, and apologizing for a liberty which he said he hoped would find its excuse in circumstances, he entreated Madame Dorjeville to accept a few Napoleons from his purse, expressing his regret at the same moment that he could not

conveniently offer more. The eyes of the disconsolate widow brightened at the view of the proffered sum, which she declared quite sufficient to meet her necessities until her remittance should arrive. She insisted on having Clifford's address, in order to acquit herself of the obligation the instant it should be in her power, and Meurice's Hotel was at length named as the place where any letter or message might be sent.

They had now reached the top of the hill, and the rest of the party resumed their seats. Some surprise was manifested by the two Frenchmen at seeing the Englishman, who had hitherto borne no part in the conversation, then in close conference with their countrywoman, and several significant glances which escaped not the attention of our hero, were exchanged between them.

The remainder of the journey was performed without incident, and at five in the afternoon, the gay spires and stately edifices of Paris were distinctly seen in the thin vapours which floated

over the city like sheets of transparent silver. The rays of the declining sun, falling on the gilded dome of the "Invalids," threw an air of liveliness over the congregated mass of white buildings, and contrasted forcibly with the solemn telling of the ponderous bells of Notre-Dame, then ringing the knell of some departed and exalted personage. At length the barriers were passed; and in less than half an hour the diligence was driven to the place of its destination.

The door of the carriage was no sooner opened, and the steps lowered, than the merchant and his companion, who had evidently dreaded a second application from the widow, darted through the opening without even uttering the "adieu," so seldom forgotten in their courteous soil, even among travellers and strangers, and our hero following, assisted Madame Dorjeville to alight. As she reached the ground, some hard substance fell from within the folds of her dress, and as it struck on the pave-

ment, Clifford fancied the sound resembled that of a somewhat heavy purse. Of this, however, he could not assure himself, the lady having, in evident anticipation of his movement, instantly stooped to pick it up, and in such a way as to prevent his having a view of the object. When she rose, nothing was visible in her hand except the pocket handkerchief, in which she had tied up the gold he had given her, and which had not been quitted even for a moment. Her face was suffused with a deep crimson, but this might have proceeded from the action of stooping, and it speedily passed away ; Delmaine then handed her into the *fiacre*, which at her request had been called, and throwing himself into another, repaired to his hotel.

CHAPTER III.

It had been arranged previous to the departure of Sir Edward and his friends from Calais, that as some delay must necessarily occur in reaching the French capital, Delmaine should undertake the charge of providing suitable apartments for their immediate reception. On the following morning, therefore, our hero hastened to acquit himself of his mission. On sallying forth into the Rue de Rivoli, by the back entrance to Meurice's, he found his progress impeded by a vast concourse of people

stationed around the Palace of the Tuileries, and in the adjoining streets. They were assembled, he found on inquiring, to take a last view of their sovereign, Louis the Eighteenth, whose decease the imposing *bourdonnement* of the bells of Notre-Dame had announced on the preceding evening, and whose body then lay in state, and was open to the curiosity of the public.

The demeanour of the people was suited to the occasion—an utter stillness pervaded the different groups, who waited with philosophical patience beneath a burning sun, until those who preceded them should be admitted, and consequently hasten the moment of their own gratification. People of all ranks and descriptions, and of both sexes, urged by the same restless spirit of curiosity and love of novelty, which pervades every class of this light nation, were mingled together; and Delmaine could scarcely suppress a smile, on witnessing the anxiety evinced by all Paris to view the disfigured remains of wretched mortality, clad in the trap-

pings which render death even more hideous. He could not, however, avoid rendering justice to the decorous behaviour of the crowd, and, in contrasting it with what he had seen in England, on nearly similar occasions, felt that prejudice itself must award the palm of earnest deportment, among the lower orders of society, to the French.

Hopeless of making his way through the throng, he was on the point of returning, in order to gain the Rue St. Honoré, by the front entrance to the hotel, when he observed a gentleman making a similar effort to disengage himself, and advancing towards the Rue Castiglione. The back of the stranger was turned towards our hero, but he fancied the figure was that of an old friend ; and hastening to overtake him, their recognition was mutual—" Delmaine !" " Dormer !" were their exclamations, preferred with warmth, and accompanied by a cordial pressure of the hand. In a few minutes the crowd was passed, and Clifford having mentioned

the object of his search to his friend, was accompanied by the latter to the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix, from whence a family of his acquaintance had departed the preceding day, leaving a handsome and commodious apartment, *au second*, unoccupied. This they found still vacant, and Delmaine, after some objections to the two pairs of stairs, which were not overruled by the assurance of Dormer, that the most respectable families were glad to procure apartments even *au quatrième*, in the fashionable quarter of Paris, finally decided on taking one which was vacant on the first floor, and after having advanced *les arrhes*, which *Madame le propriétaire* said it was usual to receive, took the arm of his friend, and returned to Meurice's.

In the pleasure experienced at thus unexpectedly beholding one, to whom he had in earlier years been attached by a similarity of tastes and feelings, Delmaine had not overlooked the change operated on a countenance, formerly glowing with the rich hues of health,

but now overcast with a paleness produced by recent care and suffering. His manner had also undergone a revolution : instead of the gay Frederick, who had once been the life of their boyish sports, he beheld with concern a being on whose every feature profound traces of sadness were imprinted ; while in the occasional sarcastic sallies which had escaped him during their short walk, he had observed, that misanthropy and distrust lurked at the bottom of a heart formerly susceptible alive to hope and confidence.

Much hurt at the evident alteration in his friend, Clifford with affectionate earnestness, inquired the cause, and Dormer, without hesitation, proceeded to disclose all that had occurred to him since their separation.

“ I have suffered much,” he said, “ both in body and in mind ; and though I have had some cause to inveigh against the selfishness and cold-heartedness of mankind, I cannot deny that my trials have originated in myself, and that to one unhappy and predominating vice in my nature,

must be attributed much of the torturing misery which has consumed my youthful days, and almost shut out every avenue of my mind to consolation or happiness. Hear, however, what I have to unfold, and although the retrospection is ever attended by painful emotions, I shall feel but too happy if the story of my follies tend to guard you against the temptations to which you yourself may be exposed, and prevent your touching on that rock, on which hundreds of young Englishmen, rich in health and worldly advantages, have already split in this pleasure-stored metropolis.

“To trace the gradations of weakness, it may be necessary to advert to an early period of my existence, when, leaving a public school for the more extensive theatre of the field, I left you glowing with youthful ardour and pleasure, to join my regiment, then in Canada, and on active service. I will not occupy your attention with a detail of our operations, during the short but arduous struggle, against an enemy

superior in numbers, and combating under the many advantages afforded by the covered state of his country, and the proximity of his resources, neither will I paint the singular and ferocious modes of warfare peculiar to the Indian tribes ranged beneath our standards. Let it suffice that the regiment was at length finally overpowered by an overwhelming force, and the surviving officers and men carried into the heart of the enemy's country.

“To the former, the privilege of parole was instantly accorded, and it was during our passage for our final destination across one of the lakes, that the germ of vice first budded into being. There are few countries, perhaps, France not even excepted, where a passion for play is more painfully manifested than in the United States of America. All the officers of the army and navy, with a very few exceptions, make it to constitute their chief study and amusement, and the sun often dawns on the flushed and discoloured countenances of those

whom it had left agitated by the various and contending emotions excited by the smiles or frowns of Fortune.

“Our voyage was unhappily more tedious than is usual in those countries; and recourse was had to play, by the officers of the vessel, during a calm of several hours continuance. Three-card loo, their almost universal game, was introduced, and several of my companions sat down to the table. My finances were extremely low, consisting simply of ten half eagles, an American gold coin of the value of five dollars. Aware of the difficulty I must experience in procuring a supply, and convinced of the necessity for husbanding my little stock, I for some time resisted the temptation I felt gradually creeping over me. I had seldom before touched a card; the duties of my profession, and a constant state of active service, calling for the employment of my time in a very different manner. I continued for some minutes to look over the hand of an American, and found the

game simple, while I could not avoid deeming it interesting; I felt myself strongly tempted to try my fortune, and at length yielded to the renewed invitations held out to me.

“The blind goddess, it is said, generally favours the novice at his outset, in order to lead him more effectually into error; but I had no reason to tax her with a treachery of that nature in the present instance. When I arose from the table, I had lost half my money, and the mortification I experienced in consequence was bitter in the extreme. I deeply lamented the folly of my conduct in suffering myself to be led by the persuasions of others into the commission of violence against my prudence and better judgment, and I looked forward with concern to the future. Remote from my friends, a prisoner, and rendered incapable, while such, by the regulations of the service, from drawing on the regimental staff for a shilling, my prospects wore not the most flattering aspect. As I leaned over the deck, watching the calm surface

of the lake, my unlucky genius suggested to me the idea of seeking my remedy in the disease itself: and though my reason and better sense reproved the measure, as one fraught with additional ill, my own secret inclination favoured the design. The latent spark had been kindled—the dormant spirit of play had been awakened—and from that moment, the subsequent trials of my life may date their origin.

“An opportunity for retrieving my losses did not however again occur on board; for soon after this, my first initiation, a fresh gale springing up, soon carried us to the point where it was intended the officers should be landed for the purpose of being conveyed into the heart of the American wilderness. Our journey was then prosecuted on horseback; and under the escort of two or three officers of the United States army, appointed to provide us with such accommodation as could be found on the route.

“Play was the occupation of several at night; and although cruelly punished throughout

my subsequent life for my, then acquired, habits, I can never recall without a smile the picture of our party, seated often in the heart of a forest, where, in the absence of any human habitation, we were sometimes compelled to repose from the fatigues of our journey. A fallen tree, covered with a cloak or pocket-handkerchief, constituted our table; and, squatted like savages on the ground, we usually played by the glaring light of the birch bark, supplying the absence of a candle, and falling on our harassed and anxious countenances, as we threw the cards successively on the board; at a little distance, our more sensible companions, wrapped in their cloaks, enjoyed that unbroken slumber which awaits on bodily but is seldom the attendant on mental fatigue; and our horses stood quietly grazing in the back-ground—all tending to fill up the measure of a scene which would not have disgraced the pencil of a Hogarth.

“ Having, after much toil and difficulty, gained the spot selected by the American go-

vernment for our future abode, the parole, originally accorded by the general officer into whose hands we had fallen, was continued ; and we availed ourselves of the interval to profit by the hospitality of many of the more respectable inhabitants, who seemed to vie with each other in their endeavours to banish from our minds the unpleasant sensations arising from a sense of captivity.

“ Among the first of these in rank, and pre-eminently distinguished by every quality which can refine the heart and adorn the understanding, was Mr. Worthington, a gentleman, whose hospitality extended its soothing influence to us all, and was in the sequel more immediately directed towards myself. In the home of my nativity, I could not have experienced more kindness or met with more grateful attention ; and the remembrance of his worth has survived the feelings of bitterness, occasioned by the rigidity and stoicism of his inflexible virtue. But let me not anticipate.

“Mr. Worthington was a widower; and one loved and beautiful daughter, under the immediate protection of a maiden sister, composed his family. Agatha was worthy of such a father. To a mind highly cultivated, and a purity of feeling, equalled only by the tenderness of a heart alive to every nobler and more generous impulse of humanity, she united those glowing and luxurious beauties of person which distinguish the females of the American continent, even at an age when in northern Europe they are regarded as mere children. With Agatha I soon became a favourite; she was then in her sixteenth summer, and my junior only by two years. Caressing and affectionate, her soft, blue eyes would fill with tears, as, adverting to my family, she often dwelt on the anxiety they must entertain in respect to my fate, all communication between the two countries having been cut off from those whom the fortune of war had thrown into captivity.

“At those moments I felt for her all the

endearing warmth of a brother, and the unreserved testimonies of her interest made a deep impression on my heart. The friendship which, in our first hours of abandonment, we vowed to preserve for each other, gradually ripened into a warmer sentiment, and Agatha freely acknowledged the force of an affection, the extreme purity of which could not call up a blush to the cheek of either. Those were, indeed, happy days. A gay and unclouded future was unfolded to my view; the present was only shaded by a privation of liberty, which had every appearance of being temporary, and was softened down by the kindness and hospitality of public enemies converted into private friends: while a recurrence to the past brought with it no stings of self-reproach to poison the bowl of anticipated felicity.

“ Mr. Worthington had observed our growing partiality for each other; and, tenderly alive to the happiness of his beloved daughter, disapproved not of an attachment which the apparent

steadiness of my character, and the information obtained from my superior officers, left him no reason to object to on the score of morals and connexion. Independently of my commission, I was only entitled to a property of two hundred a-year on coming of age, my present exigencies being liberally, though not extravagantly, supplied by an allowance from my father. This, however, was a secondary consideration; rich himself, in worldly, as in intellectual wealth, the fortune Mr. Worthington intended to bestow on his daughter, was sufficiently large to ensure, not only ease but affluence to her and to the partner of her choice. Such, Clifford, was the prospect that awaited me, until my own blind and unaccountable folly, in depriving me of the esteem of this excellent parent, dashed the cup of happiness for ever from my lips.

“Five months had elapsed since my first introduction into this amiable family, when intimation was received from the seat of govern-

ment that a partial exchange of prisoners was contemplated ; and as the parties to whom the intelligence was conveyed felt deeply interested in the result, it was particularly specified that our detachment was to be comprehended.

“ The pleasure which this information diffused over every heart, was such as can only be conceived by persons similarly situated ; for although the hospitality and attention of the more respectable inhabitants fully compensated for the insults to which we were not unfrequently exposed from the rabble, whose detestation of the English name was carried to an unaccountable pitch, a sense of captivity chilled every principle of action, and damped the satisfaction which, under any other circumstances, we must have experienced.

“ To testify their participation in our joy on this occasion, our friends redoubled their efforts to amuse and entertain us during the short period we were expected to remain, and parties of various kinds were formed at their country

seats, in many of which reigned an air of almost eastern luxuriousness.

“ I had accepted an invitation to pass a few days at a neighbouring watering place, in company with several young men ; and thither, after taking an affectionate leave of Agatha and her father, I repaired, early in the month of June, with a brow unclouded by care, and a heart filled with delightful visions of the future.

“ At H—is—g, as at most other watering places, cards were a favourite amusement of the society ; and, as an amusement, it could not be productive of serious evil, the stakes being, during the period of my stay, extremely low, and the game limited. While this continued, I fancied, in the true spirit of the player, that no material risk could be incurred in falling in with a pursuit followed by all, and attended by inconvenience to none ; and my late resolutions vanished before the plausibility of my arguments. For a time I played so low as to impress myself with a belief that amusement alone was my ob-

ject, not that a growing passion was seeking aliment for its sustenance. I did not consider that if my stakes were not higher, and my interest in the result consequently more intense, it was not because the principle was less powerfully ingrafted in my heart, but because those with whom I then played were more bounded in their desires, and made it less a study than an amusement.

“ A melancholy opportunity soon offered to undeceive myself. Among the numerous party who daily assembled in the card-room was an American officer, my senior by several years. Play was his predominant passion; and finding the stakes too moderate to satisfy his thirst, and interest his attention, and possibly reading in my countenance certain indications of a similar disposition, he proposed our forming a separate game. After some little hesitation, eventually overruled by my evil genius, or, more properly, my natural propensity to gaming, I assented, and we withdrew to a private room, where cards

were instantly brought to us. As my purse had been replenished by the kindness of an American banker, who, in the most gentlemanly and liberal manner, had cashed bills for a number of officers on their several friends without letters either of advice or credit, I was enabled to meet the proposal of my adversary in regard to the stakes, which were certainly much higher than was consistent with my relative position.

“ At the close of the third day—and during the interval, we had only risen from our seats to partake of a slight refreshment, and had torn up nearly fifty packs of cards, the fragments of which lay scattered on the floor as silent attestations of our madness—I found myself, after alternate gain and loss, eventually a winner of about twenty eagles in ready money, and a creditor to my less fortunate opponent in a much larger amount.

“ Elated by my success, I fancied that I had at length succeeded in chaining the fickle god-

ness to my car, and my broken and agitated slumbers bore the impress of my waking thoughts. Cards, trumps, and gold, were the objects which presented themselves, almost exclusively, in my dreams; and during my stay at this fatal place, the image of the affectionate and gentle Agatha scarcely once arose to banish these my present idols from my heart. Oh, Clifford, how humiliating to my soul is the recollection of my unworthiness. How do I blush to think, that while this fond girl was indulging in those pleasing anticipations which swell on the spotless bosom of pure and sacred love, the object of her thoughts was spending those moments which should have been devoted to nobler pursuits in the shameful indulgence of a vice, the almost inevitable results of which are debasement and destruction to every generous feeling of the mind. In colours too faithful and too forcible does the past frequently present itself to my imagination; and even that consolation of the wretched, which robs suffering of its

sting—a freedom from self-reproach—is denied to me.

“ Among the various strangers attracted to H—is—g by curiosity, a partiality for the waters, or, what was more usual, a partiality for play, was an individual, a temporary sojourner in the place which contained those most deeply interested in my welfare. Of this man, I had a very imperfect knowledge, having met him only at public assemblies; and his repulsive manner and unprepossessing appearance had ever inspired me with an antipathy for his person, as if nature or instinct had pointed him out for the being destined to be the cause of my future misery.

“ One evening, after having finished our wine at the public table, or ordinary, as it is termed in America, cards were introduced, and several of the party joined in the game. After having played for two or three hours with indifferent success on my side, they gradually and successively withdrew, leaving the person in question

and myself alone at the table. My adversary, who subsequently proved to be a transatlantic *chevalier d'industrie*, led by my youthful appearance to deem me, what in fact I was, a mere novice at the game, and judging from the ardour with which I played, that I might easily be tempted to risk the contents of a full purse, which he saw lying before me, proposed our entering on increased stakes and for a given time. Emboldened by my recent success, and warmed with wine and previous play, I assented to a proposal which, under any other circumstances, my extreme dislike for the man would have caused me to decline, and our watches were placed on the table. Notwithstanding his superior knowledge of the game, manifested in the course of the sitting, and the penetrating glances of his quick eye, frequently fastened on my countenance, as if to behold reflected there the cards which I held in my hand, fortune stood once more my friend, or rather my enemy, and at the expiration of the time agreed on, I

found myself winner of seventy-five eagles, composing almost the total amount of my adversary's purse.

“Rage and disappointment swelled highly in his bosom, and his sallow visage became even more frightful in the livid paleness with which it was overspread, as frowning from a pair of shaggy eyebrows, beneath which two small gray eyes darted an expression of ferocity, he arose from his seat, and quitted the room, uttering terrific imprecations against his ill fortune.

“On returning to rest at a late hour I felt dissatisfied with myself. The impression arising from my last acquisition was entirely different from what I had experienced after my success with the American officer. I knew that in the first instance I had engaged with a gentleman; whereas in the latter it seemed to me that I had committed myself, in remaining *tête-à-tête* with a man of whom I knew nothing; and for whom I entertained the most unqualified dislike. A sort of fearful apprehension, a gloomy foreboding of

evil, preyed on my mind, and I vainly sought relief in repose. I also fancied that the loss of his money might be felt by him as a serious inconvenience ; and in this belief I was confirmed by a recollection of the agitation which overspread his countenance at the moment of his rising from the table. I have always played more for the sake of indulging a passion than with the mere abstract view of gain, and I cannot better exemplify the truth of this observation, even to myself, than by a recurrence to the fact of having ever derived more pleasure from the acquisition of a sum of money at play, attended by all its risks, agitations, and uncertainties, than by that of one of treble amount left me by some relation or friend. At that period of my existence, it may be presumed that the love of gold was not a reigning passion, and that a desire to find some plausible motive for restoring the winnings, which lay heavy at my heart, to their late possessor, was not the result of any severe effort of resolution.

“ On the manner of effecting this restitution it was not, however, easy to decide ; and I at length adopted that which alone appeared feasible, that of inviting him on the following day to attempt a retrieval of his losses. My intention was to play in such a manner as to effect this object, and to return immediately afterwards to my friends at F——t. Satisfied with this arrangement, I finally became more tranquil, and succeeded in composing my spirits to rest.”

CHAPTER IV.

“ ON descending to breakfast on the following morning, I found the usual party assembled ; but the person whom I more immediately desired to see was absent. On inquiry, I learnt from one of the domestics, that he had mounted his horse at day-break, and left the place altogether. This intelligence I heard with mingled regret and disquietude ; but these feelings gradually yielding to the anticipated pleasure of a meeting with Agatha, of whom, as if recovering from a long reverie, I then began to think

with renewed tenderness, I announced my departure for the following day. The friends I had accompanied intreated me to prolong my stay ; but my reflections of the preceding evening had been of a nature to inspire me with disgust for the place. It seemed to me that in visiting it, I had paved the way to my own unhappiness ; and one of those indefinable presentiments of evil, by which the human mind is so frequently assailed, weighed on my heart, and oppressed it almost to suffocation.

“ In this state I continued during the whole of the day and succeeding night, and only found myself relieved on commencing my journey. The quick motion of my horse against a pure and refreshing air, perfumed by the various odoriferous plants and flowers which grew in wild luxuriance around, enlivened my spirits, and gave energy to my feelings. How strange and inconsistent is the nature of man ! On approaching the town which contained her who was then dearer to my soul than all the trea-

sures of the universe, I felt my heart dilate with a joy and fulness hitherto unknown ; and all those sanguine sensations, by which my youth had ever been distinguished, rushed with impetuosity on my soul, and painted in glowing colours the raptures attendant on a meeting with Agatha.

“ Light, gay, and happy, as I had been, a few hours previously, dull, morose, and discontented, I rode up to the door of Mr. Worthington’s mansion, and throwing the reins on my horse’s neck, soon found myself in the presence of her I loved. She was alone. Her manner was affectionate and kind ; but the traces of recent tears were visible on her cheek. An unusual sadness was imprinted on her brow, and her blue eyes were fixed on mine with a blended expression of interest and reproach. Impetuously I inquired the cause, and she burst into tears. I fell at her feet, and pressing my burning lips on her trembling hand, sought to soothe her into composure. Then obeying a sudden

transition of feeling, I again demanded, with vehemence, the reason of this singular behaviour. Alarmed in her turn at the wildness of my manner, she cast on me one of those looks of ineffable tenderness which were so exclusively her own, and that look operated like magic on the disorder of my mind. Then taking my hand, 'Frederick,' she faltered, 'perhaps I am unjust; but my heart was wounded at the length of your absence. I had hoped that the short period of your further stay in this country would have been passed with those who love you, not devoted, as it has been, to the society of strangers. Politeness, and even inclination, might have induced you to form a limited engagement with those whom you accompanied to H—is—g; but I should be sadly disappointed and hurt to think, that while solitude and tears for your approaching departure have been my portion, you have thus willingly extended a visit of three days to one of nearly as many weeks. But let us think no more of the

past. You are here at length, and Agatha is happy.

“There was a solemnity in her mild voice, which afflicted me even more than her words; these fell like ice-drops on my heart, and I felt all the enormity of my conduct. I could not deny that I had cruelly neglected her, and that the delay which had occasioned so much pain to this fond and complaining girl, was only the fruit of a passion, which even *her* image, and the recollection of *her* worth, could not wholly subdue.

“My countenance became flushed with agitation, and my eyes burned within their sockets, for the impetuosity and susceptibility of my nature were at war within me. While the former called up the more violent workings of self-accusation, the latter rendered me painfully alive to a reproach which, even if unmerited, was from the object of my soul's devotion, as a rankling barb in my breast.—I was silent.

““Frederick, have I offended you?” she con-

tinued, the tears chasing each other down her cheeks, and her whole frame trembling with emotion. ‘Oh speak to your Agatha—say that you forgive her!’

“‘Forgive you!’ I mournfully exclaimed; ‘Agatha, I am unworthy of your affection, and sunk in my own esteem: yet do I doat on you, with a warmth and tenderness which makes reproach from your lips the most torturing of human punishments.’

“The scene which succeeded, I have long felt, ever shall feel, but can never describe. All that the tender ingenuity of artless affection could devise, all that endearing expression and caressing manner could effect, the fond Agatha exerted to sooth my mind, and restore me to my original self; but although my soul wanted in the luxury of tender abandonment, and freely drank in long draughts of bliss from the soft blue eyes, swimming in tearful pleasure, and half dimmed with tremulous emotion, I could

not wholly overcome the truly painful impressions of the preceding moments.

“From the delightful though not unalloyed visions of future felicity, in which our inmost souls indulged, we were at length aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, in the next minute, Mr. Worthington entered the room. I sprang forward from my seat with affectionate earnestness, but my half extended hand dropped nerveless at my side as I remarked the cool and distant manner with which my salutation was received. Wounded and hurt beyond expression, I moved, mechanically, towards the seat I had just occupied; my cheeks were suffused with crimson, and my heart bounded with indignation. Agatha turned her eyes first on mine, with a look of unutterable interest, and then on her father, as if to ask an explanation; but his countenance wore an air of seriousness and severity which disconcerted her, and her gaze was instantly withdrawn.

“The conversation was evidently forced and on general subjects. Not the slightest allusion was made to my recent absence; and the cutting politeness that had succeeded to the almost paternal tenderness with which Mr. Worthington had ever previously treated me, alternately heated and chilled my blood. My mind was on the rack—my heart a prey to the most cruel emotions; and, unable longer to retain my self-possession, I rose to depart. Tears started to my eyes, and my swelling bosom felt as though a mountain weight hung on it; but though I could have fallen at his feet, who thus inflicted a thousand pangs on my soul, my pride supported me: and following up the example so cruelly given, I took what I intended should be a cold and ceremonious leave of the father, and faltering an adieu to Agatha, who sat reclining her head on the couch, and concealing her tears with her hand, I hastened from the apartment.

“On regaining my lodgings, my mind was

worked up to the highest pitch of suffering, and my pulse was fevered with agitation. Yet, though desirous of shunning the observation of my brother officers, I could not endure to be left alone. Dinner was soon afterwards announced, and I hoped to find some relief in the gay society around me. The cloth removed, bumper succeeded bumper, but brought with it no cessation of suffering; and the animated conversation of my companions was lost on a mind wrapped in its own gloomy reflections. At an early hour, I retired to my apartment; but, incapable of chasing the weight which preyed upon my heart, and fatigued with vain exertions to seek forgetfulness in slumber, I arose, and, dressing myself mechanically, sallied out into the open air.

“ The night was far advanced, and I directed my course towards the eastern suburb of the city, at the extremity of which, a figure, closely enveloped in a cloak, which entirely concealed the person, crossed the street within a few paces

of me, and instantly returned. Heedless of the singularity of the circumstance, and absorbed in the different feelings by which I was assailed, I continued my walk along a dark avenue of thickly planted trees, whose luxuriant foliage and widely spreading branches formed an arch, beneath which, in summer, the inhabitants daily sought shelter from the scorching rays of the sun.

“ I had advanced a considerable way along this avenue, when the striking of a distant clock reminded me of the lateness of the hour, and I hastened to return. As I emerged from the sombre avenue, I beheld the same figure which had before attracted my attention at the very extremity, and apparently stationary. I was in the act of passing, when it came up to me, and throwing back the folds of the cloak, discovered the features of the individual from whom I had won the seventy-five eagles at H—is—g, and who had departed so suddenly on the following morning.

“ Somewhat startled and surprised at his

appearance, and displeased with this mysterious mode of accosting me, I demanded his business with me at such an unseasonable hour? ‘That you shall briefly know,’ he returned, in a gruff voice, which he endeavoured to reduce to the lowest possible key. He then proceeded to say, that he could not afford to lose the money I had won from him, and that if I had any regard for my future happiness, I would immediately restore it. He had heard my engagement with Miss Worthington spoken of since his return from the watering place, and it rested entirely with himself, he said, to destroy my schemes of happiness for ever, as her father, he was well informed, entertained the most decided antipathy to the character of a gambler, and had expressed his determination never to confide the happiness of his daughter to one imbued with the love of play. He added that if the money was returned to him, he would bury the matter in oblivion for ever; and that a letter, which he had written for Mr.

Worthington, to be delivered in the event of my refusal, should be committed to the flames.

“To comprehend the full meaning of this speech, and the risk which I incurred, you must be made acquainted with a material circumstance which I had omitted to state in its proper place. Prior to my departure for H—is—g, it had been settled, that at the cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and America, I should obtain leave of absence, and, furnished with a letter from my father, announcing his consent to our union, return to claim Agatha for my wife. Moreover, in the event of any future rupture between the two countries, I was to endeavour to avoid bearing arms against the land of her birth—or, if unsuccessful, to retire from the service; but as I took no pains to disguise my predilection for a military life, the former course was to be adopted, if possible, in preference.

“The sensations by which I was governed during this singular address, were of the most

opposite and tumultuous descriptions—indignation at the insolence and villainy of the speaker—confusion at the humiliation entailed by my own unpardonable folly—a dread of the just displeasure of Mr. Worthington, and, above all, the fear of being lessened in the esteem of her I loved—all flashed on my brain at once, and for a moment deprived me of the power of utterance. It had been both my wish and my intention to restore this fatal gold to its original possessor; but to be thus bullied, and threatened, as it were, into an act which, to have the slightest merit, should be voluntary, was more than my hot nature could patiently brook. Feeling, however, the strong existing necessity for dissembling my resentment, I endeavoured to appear calm; and, taking out the purse which contained his money, and which, owing to the agitation of my spirits, I had not once thought of depositing since my arrival, I handed it to him, observing, at the same time, that it had fully been my intention to restore him a sum the

loss of which had so visibly affected him, and that with that view I had inquired for him on the following morning, when, to my great surprise, I found he had departed.

“ He caught at the proffered purse with all the eagerness of one who finds himself in possession of an object long coveted and long despaired of ; then, with an insulting sneer, replied, that he gave me all due credit for my disinterestedness. ‘ Of course,’ he added, tauntingly, ‘ the possession of your mistress goes for nothing in the restitution.’

“ This was more than I could bear. Springing over the space which divided us, I struck him violently with my cane ; and turning round, hastened to continue my way. I had not, however, gone many paces, when a sharp weapon, plunged into my side, convinced me of the imprudence of which I had been guilty. The villain had no sooner effected his aim, than he darted down the avenue, pursuing a different course to that by which he had approached me, and

with some difficulty I contrived to drag myself to my lodgings, where, notwithstanding my endeavours to keep the circumstance as secret as possible, the whole of the establishment were speedily informed of the accident.

“The wound, although painful, proved on examination to be slight—the weapon, probably a dirk, having glanced in an oblique direction; and the surgeon, after applying the dressing, and recommending quiet, expressed his opinion of a speedy release from the temporary confinement imposed on me. When left to the solitude of my chamber, I revolved the recent occurrence in my mind, and bitterly condemned the impetuosity of temper which had led to my present condition. Tracing the effect to its original cause, I more than ever reprobated the weakness which had brought me in immediate contact with a man who, in some measure, held my destiny in his hands, and from whose utter disregard of delicacy I had every thing to apprehend.

“How he had gained the information so insolently conveyed to me, I could not possibly divine, since I was assured that he was a personal stranger to the gentleman with whose sentiments he appeared to be perfectly acquainted ; yet I could not deny that there was every foundation for a belief in its accuracy. Mr. Worthington, whose virtuous mind recoiled from the idea of all vice, and more especially that of gaming, which he conceived not simply monstrous and degrading in itself, but the forerunner of every other, had more than once expressed his horror of a professed gamester in my presence ; and although I had not hitherto attached the full import of the term to my casual indulgence, now that my feelings were so susceptible alive to the slightest impression of alarm, I shuddered at the bare possibility of his being made acquainted with the occurrences at the Spa. The coolness evident in his manner during my visit in the morning, must have proceeded from some uncommon cause ; and for

several moments I admitted the full conviction, that what it was so much my interest to conceal, and what I sincerely repented had ever taken place, was no longer a secret.

“ This impression, however, gradually faded before the recollection, that the only person likely to bear testimony of my folly had been divested of all motive for evil intention in the restitution of his gold, and must feel an additional obligation to silence imposed on him, in the necessity existing for actual concealment. The reserve of Mr. Worthington I therefore attributed to my prolonged absence ; and partly tranquillized by the admission of a belief so essential to my happiness, even amid all the unpleasantness attendant on the idea, I at length succeeded in composing myself to rest.

“ The day was far advanced when I awoke from a deep slumber, into which I had finally sunk ; and, on turning round, the first thing that met my eye was a letter lying on the table. Glancing hastily at the direction, I perceived it

to be in the hand-writing of Mr. Worthington, and again my presentiments of evil returned, and the blood receded from my cheek. With a trembling hand and fainting heart, I broke the seal, and more than once grasped and relinquished the folded paper, ere I could find courage to peruse the contents. At length, curiosity, and a desire to know the worst, triumphed over apprehension, and, with an effort of resolution, I read the letter to the end.

“It commenced with an expression of Mr. Worthington’s concern at my accident—an accident, however, to which he said, he had certainly to attribute his knowledge of a blemish in my character, which, until contradicted, he felt himself compelled to make the ground of annulling the partial engagement formed in my favour. He had accidentally learnt something of the losses sustained by a young officer at the Spa, and had heard my name mentioned as one of those who were in frequent attendance at the

card table: but as his information on that head was of a vague and uncertain character, he had not been able to arrive at any decided conclusion. The air of reserve which he said I could not have failed to remark in him the preceding day was at once the effect of what he had recently heard, and of my singular absence from those with whom I had looked forward to be eventually more intimately connected. He had not, however, any doubt that, at the moment of my departure, I should have been enabled to reply in a satisfactory manner to the question he intended putting to me on the subject on the following day.

“ In this belief, he added, he had continued until the present moment, when the receipt of a letter, from a person he found on inquiry to be well known, and avoided, as a disreputable character, had put him in possession of a detail of occurrences, stated to have taken place at H—is—g. He added, that he would make no

no comment on the singularity and inconsistency of the fact (if such) of my engaging in a gaming transaction with a man of whom I had not evidently the slightest previous knowledge, neither would he take the liberty of recommending any rule of conduct for my future guidance. After a full and circumstantial exposition of the objections he must ever entertain to the character of a gambler, (and if what had been urged was true, the principle of play must be inherent in my nature), he concluded by repeating that, until I could afford a refutation of the contents of the letter in question—and my simple denial would be sufficient—I must for ever renounce all thoughts of his daughter.

“ Remorse, shame, grief, rage, despair, and vengeance, were the feelings which crowded tumultuously on my heart during the perusal of this chilling letter. How did I burn to punish the unprincipled wretch who, thus adding refinement of cruelty to coward assassination, had struck so deeply at the root of my

happiness. I could at the moment have felt a savage pleasure in witnessing the sufferings my hate and vengeance would have inflicted. But of this there was no hope. The letter before me intimated that he had abandoned the State for another, in order to avoid any pursuit that might be instituted.

“ By degrees this violent feeling subsided, and remorse for my conduct, and grief for the loss which that conduct had entailed, acted but with less vehemence on my mind. Then, again, all the impetuous passions of my soul rose in arms. With the wayward inconsistency of my age, and of my actual impressions, I taxed Mr. Worthington with duplicity and selfishness, even at the moment when I felt overwhelmed by the bitterest stings of self-accusation; and anxiously seizing an idea which inflicted even a more refined torture, I nursed into conviction the thought that Agatha repented of her engagement, and joined with her father in casting me off for ever.

“The first idea which occurred to me on regaining a certain degree of self-possession, was to reply to Mr. Worthington’s letter, and the task was undertaken with the feelings of a condemned criminal, who entertains not a hope of that pardon which the suggestions of despair alone induce him to solicit. Without seeking to veil or soften down the folly of my conduct, I fully admitted the accuracy of the information conveyed to him ; but added, that if the most sincere and unqualified regret could be considered as an atonement for the past, and a guarantee for the future, I might yet cherish a hope, that the severe though just determination expressed in his letter would be repealed. Youth and thoughtlessness I offered as pleas in extenuation of my errors ; and solemnly promised that no human consideration should ever induce me to relapse into a similar weakness. I also made an affectionate appeal to his heart, urging my present sufferings as a sufficient punishment, and conjuring him not to

sink one so young into the lowest abyss of despair by retracting an engagement to the fulfilment of which I had looked forward with the most sanguine hope and exultation.

“ Although I had formed little expectation of any favourable result to this letter, aware as I was of the stern severity with which Mr. Worthington ever adhered to his decisions, I felt greatly relieved after having sealed and despatched it, and I waited his reply with the calm apathy of a man who has prepared his mind for the worst evil which can be inflicted.

“ It was not until a late hour on the following day that a second communication, couched in less formal, but no less decisive terms, confirmed my anticipation. Mr. Worthington confessed himself interested and touched by the candour of my avowal, but repeated his firm intention never to intrust the happiness of his daughter to one who, even at that early age, had given proofs of a passion for which he could find no

excuse, and which, once rooted, could never be wholly eradicated. He stated, that Agatha had been made acquainted with his determination, and knew her duty as a child ; but he preserved an absolute silence in respect to the manner in which that determination had been received. The letter was closed with an expression of regret for the circumstances which had given rise to our epistolary communications, and a hope that I would not attribute the decision he had been compelled to adopt to caprice, but to the watchful jealousy of a father, anxious for the future felicity of his child.

“ There is a limit in human suffering, as in human pleasure, beyond which the delicacy of our mental organization will not suffer us to advance. The perusal of this second letter, instead of calling forth the more turbulent passions which had hitherto raged with such ungovernable violence in my breast, was attended by a calm, a sensation of indifference, for which I could not then account, and with which I felt

extremely dissatisfied. Vexed at this tranquillity, I accused myself of coldness and insensibility, and tried to arouse my feelings to their original intenseness. I thought of Agatha—of all I had lost with her; and I endeavoured to persuade myself that anger and disappointment should be my predominant emotions. But in vain did I strive to excite myself. The chords of my mind had been stretched too far, and, weakened by use, they could no longer regain their former elasticity. I experienced, moreover, a kind of sullen joy in cherishing the thought that she for whom my heart bled at every pore, had received the communication from her father with unconcern, or that she found no difficulty in consoling herself for the sacrifice of her lover, in the idea of duty attached to the accomplishment of a parent's wishes. This impression, added to the circumstance of her never having once sent to inquire after the health of him she affected to love, and who, she must be well

aware, then lay, wounded, and on a bed of suffering, tended to confirm me in my apathy.

“I had not, however, been forgotten. About an hour after the receipt of Mr. Worthington’s letter, a more gentle missive was brought to me by a female confidential slave. It was from the aunt of Agatha, and contained the most touching expressions of concern for the unhappy circumstances which had led to her brother’s rupture of our engagement. By this excellent woman I had ever been regarded as a son, and her kind nature now wept for the sorrows she could only endeavour to alleviate. Agatha, who had been deeply affected by the command of her father to abandon all idea of having her fate united to mine, was confined to her bed, where she now dictated those assurances of tender interest and unchanging affection, which her gentle and pitying relative hesitated not to transcribe. After intimating the possibility of a more favourable change in our prospects being effected in the course of time, she concluded by recom-

mending the utmost caution in replying to her letter, as, although her heart condemned not the step she was pursuing, she apprehended a more rigid censor in her brother.

“ In my reply, I painted to Agatha all the cruel sufferings by which I had been assailed since our separation—repeated my firm resolution never to forget or prove false to the vows we had interchanged—and, after pouring forth the grateful acknowledgments of my heart to her aunt, concluded, by soliciting her in the name of that tender affection she had ever borne me, to contrive an interview with Agatha prior to our departure, which had been finally decided on for the ensuing week.

“ My request was accorded; and the last evening we were to spend in F—k—t, was that fixed on for our meeting. How anxiously did I await the moment which was to give Agatha, perhaps for the last time, to my view—how often did my imagination dwell on the rapture I should feel in pressing her once more to my heart, and

in hearing her lips avow her ceaseless love. It seemed to me as though I had never sufficiently availed myself of my former happiness, and that every moment which had not been passed in her presence, had indeed been lost to me irreparably and for ever.

“ At length the moment arrived which was to see me stealing like a midnight thief to the presence of her who had lately, and with a father’s sanction, regarded me as the being destined to be her companion and friend throughout existence. The mansion of Mr. Worthington was situated in an isolated quarter of the town, and immediately opposite to the building in which our party was lodged. An extensive garden communicated by a small entrance with an alley, which was generally deserted after a certain hour in the evening; and towards that entrance, the key of which had been conveyed to me by the same confidential slave, I now directed my course. My wound, which, I have already remarked, had been superficial, was

already closed, and a slight debility the only ill effect remaining. No interruption of any kind retarded my progress; and, turning the key with caution, the door flew open, and in the next instant Agatha was in my arms.

“ With what emotions of delight did I receive the chaste and tender caresses of this amiable girl—tear-mingled caresses, of which her excellent aunt, by whom she was accompanied, did not once deem it necessary to disapprove. Mr. Worthington had an engagement to dine, and was not expected until a late hour, so that the present was at least not embittered by the dread of interruption. Miss Worthington soon retired to a distant part of the garden; and then it was that our feelings, hitherto restrained by the presence of her we loved, overflowed in all the luxury of passionate tenderness. Protestations of never-dying affection fell from our trembling lips, which, in the next instant, were pressed to each other, as if the soul of each would have passed into the earthly tenement of the object of its ido-

latry. Our hands were clasped within each other, and the throbbing bosom of Agatha beat warm against my heart, as her pale cheek, coloured only by the hectic tinge of momentary passion, pressed against my own—her light hair flowing gracefully over her shoulders from beneath her loose hat, and her blue eyes fixed on mine with soul-touching expression. The eloquence of silence alone proclaimed our feelings, and the stilness of the night was unbroken, except by the faint breeze playing among the orange trees, which lulled us even more into forgetfulness of the past, and disregard for the future. The close embrace in which we were fondly locked, became gradually yet closer, until our glowing forms appeared as one, and the pulsation of each other's arteries could be distinctly felt by both.

“‘Frederick,’ murmured the half fainting girl, in accents which thrilled through my inmost soul, while a convulsive tremor shook her frame, ‘I am your’s for ever!’”

‘I gazed again upon her cheek—it was suf-

fused with burning blushes. For worlds, however, I would not have sullied the purity of confiding innocence ; and the tender, beauteous, and now impassioned Agatha, was to me a being ‘ hallowed and enshrined.’ Clifford, there exists not on earth a bliss equal to that I then enjoyed. While virtue ceased not a moment to throw her protecting mantle around us, our being was dissolved in rapture, and every thing in existence, save ourselves, was forgotten. The illusion, however, was too soon and too cruelly dispelled, by the approach of Miss Worthington, who now entered the arbour in which we were seated ; and, in proclaiming the lateness of the hour, hinted at the necessity for separating. Again we vowed before heaven, and in the presence of this amiable woman, to live for each other, and never, under any circumstances, to pledge that faith to another, which had been so often, and so solemnly, exchanged between us. As the moment approached which was to tear us asunder

for years—perhaps for ever—our hearts beat wildly, and the cruel adieu was uttered a thousand times, before I could find courage to depart. Miss Worthington sought to inspire us with new strength, in the assurance that every effort should be made, by herself, to effect a change in the sentiments of her brother; and after pressing me affectionately to her heart, conjured me not to relapse into the indulgence of follies which had already cost, not only myself, but Agatha, so dear. I returned her embrace with warmth, and promised to be all she desired; then taking a final leave of the now pale and trembling girl, on whose lips I left the last imprint of love, I at length succeeded in tearing myself from the spot.

“The remainder of the night was passed in a kind of wild delirium. My agitated slumbers took their colouring from the events of the evening; and Agatha, gay, animated, and happy, chased the image of the pale, weeping, disconsolate girl, that had the instant before occu-

pired my dreams. Feverish and restless, I arose at an early hour to make preparations for my departure. These accomplished, I descended to the front of the hotel, where my companions were already assembled, and selecting their horses from the number which had been brought for our service. Joy sparkled on every countenance, and animated the movements of all. Those only who have known the rigour and restraint of captivity, can enter into the delight experienced by the languishing prisoner, when restored to that liberty without which life has no charm and suffering no end. Every heart was light, save mine; and while all awaited with impatience the arrival of the officers appointed to conduct us, mine throbbed with despondency at the idea of quitting scenes endeared to me by the first and purest transports of affection.

“Turning my eyes towards that point where all my thoughts were then directed, I beheld Agatha on the balcony, leaning on the arm of

her aunt. She was clad in a loose morning robe of purest white, alternately floating in the breeze, and delineating her graceful proportions. Her cheek was pale, and half concealed by the handkerchief with which she wiped away the tears. No eye beheld her save mine, for every other was differently engaged, and I seized the opportunity to press my hand on my heart, and to waft a silent adieu, which was immediately returned by her aunt—Agatha remaining motionless with grief, and incapable of action.

“ Many of those gentlemen, whose hospitality had left an indelible impression on our minds, were collected to bid us a final farewell; and our imposing cavalcade only awaited the signal of the colonel of my regiment, then engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Worthington. In a few minutes they separated, and the latter gentleman, for the first time since my receipt of his letter, advanced to salute me. Deeply as I felt myself wounded by the unbending severity of his nature, I could not be

insensible to any mark of kindness from the parent of her I loved ; and to the pressure of his hand, and the wish, emphatically expressed, for my future happiness, I could not reply without emotion. Again I stole a look at Agatha, as I left a parting prayer with her father—her agitation had increased, and her tears evidently flowed without restraint. Her sensibility had been excited to the highest pitch by the unexpected movement of her father, and she could with difficulty support herself. The signal was now given, and the party moved off. Again I pressed the extended hand of Mr. Worthington, and silently followed. On turning the angle of a street, I waved a final adieu, which was immediately returned by Agatha, and in the next instant she was lost to my anxious gaze for ever.

“ It was long before my spirits could acquire any portion of that gaiety which sparkled on the features of my happier companions ; and during our long ride through the wilderness, I

often lingered behind, to indulge without interruption in my melancholy reflections. On the evening previous to my departure, Agatha had presented me with her portrait, executed with singular fidelity. To gaze unobserved on the beautiful features was now my principal delight, and grateful did I feel for the gift of this angelic girl; not, however, that this was necessary to recal her image to my mind, since, in the surrounding scenery, I beheld but one object—the form of Agatha, which floated before my vision as we journeyed onwards. On the mountain, in the flood, in the cataract, in the plain, and in the forest, I beheld but Agatha. Now, with eyes softened into more than woman's tenderness, her full and unsullied bosom swelling tumultuously with the feelings she dared not encourage, but could not wholly repress—now such as she appeared at the moment of our departure from F—k—t, pale, suffering, weeping, and personifying in her languor the image of despairing loveliness.

“ Those were the situations in which she appeared more generally to my mental view ; and in the contemplation of the picture my thoughts were frequently for hours absorbed. At length, this intenseness of feeling began gradually to subside ; and as we approached the frontier, the consolation afforded by the possession of the portrait, and the certainty of receiving letters from Agatha, to whom I had given the address of a merchant in Lower Canada, acting as my banker, once more awakened the dormant energies of my mind.

CHAPTER V.

“ ON my arrival in Canada, I found that, prior to the receipt of intelligence in England, announcing our captivity, I had been promoted to a lieutenancy in one of the regiments serving with the Duke of Wellington in Flanders; and as the treaty, soon afterwards concluded between England and America, had opened a communication by the way of New York, which could not be effected until a much later period by the ice-encumbered St. Lawrence, I made every necessary preparation for my departure

through the United States. Somewhat encouraged by the contents of two long and affectionate letters from Agatha, whose gentle, yet drooping soul spoke in every line, and after having taken a kind farewell of the gallant corps in which I had made my *début* in arms, and provided myself with letters from the commanding officer to my new colonel, I left Montreal early in the month of March. The season of 1814 and 1815 had been the severest known in Canada for many years, and my journey was performed across Lake Champlain, on the bosom of which two gallant and hostile fleets had only a few months before contended for mastery. Now wrapped in its winter garb of ice and snow, it presented an aspect of sternest rudeness, while the congregated mass of congealed matter scarce even trembled beneath the weight of the ponderous sleigh in which I was rapidly borne by two small, swift, and vigorous horses.

“ On reaching New York, I learnt that no vessel would sail until late in April. This was

a severe disappointment, as I had experienced much relief in the previous constant state of motion, which, in directing my attention to the stupendous and imposing objects that surrounded me had softened much of the asperity of regret. The evil could not, however, be remedied ; and while I felt pained and annoyed at the idea of being once more an inhabitant of the same soil with Agatha, without a possibility of beholding her, I found some compensation in the opportunity thus afforded for communicating, once more, and at length, with her I loved. Meanwhile, I had renewed an acquaintance with the amiable family of General H——, an officer, who had fallen into the hands of our division at the commencement of the war ; and in the select and limited circle to which they introduced me, I passed the intermediate period. The daughters of the General were elegant, well informed, accomplished young women. What constituted their chief value in my eyes, however, was their proving to be old friends and companions of Agatha, from

whom they had only been separated by the events of the war. They were not aware of any attachment existing between us, although they had been apprised of our acquaintance ; and the encomiums which fell from their lips when speaking of their friend, were grateful to my heart, because I knew them to be voluntary and unstudied.

“ Several weeks had elapsed without bringing a reply to my letter, and the departure of the packet for Liverpool was announced as an immediate event before it finally arrived. How different was the style, how forced the expressions which it contained. Assurances of affection it breathed ; but they were tame and passionless, and so unlike those of the Agatha I had known, that my full heart swelled with disappointment, and sickened with despair. Again and again I examined the hand writing, and dwelt on the signature. I could not be mistaken ; the characters were those of her whose words were late all tenderness and inte-

rest, and my heart became again a prey to the deepest suffering.

“ One long letter, expressive of my wounded feelings and my surprise, preceded my embarkation ; and in somewhat less than a month, wafted by propitious winds, we reached Liverpool, where I found a vessel preparing to sail for Ostend. In this I immediately embarked, and in a few days had the good fortune to find myself on the grand theatre so long distinguished for battles and for warriors—on the soil whose fair fields were again speedily to be moistened with human blood, and nourished by human putrefaction.

“ The dépôt of my regiment was stationed at Ostend, but the corps itself was at Brussels, where I joined it early in June. The operations of that month are known to all the world, and have been described by many pens. I will simply relate a circumstance which happened to myself on the memorable 18th, and which a very recent occurrence, that shall be explained

in due season, has forcibly and painfully recalled to my mind. During one of the charges made near Hougoumont, I received a severe contusion on the head, and was felled to the earth. Stunned by the blow, I continued for some seconds incapable of movement, but at length succeeded in raising myself on my knees. At this moment, the enemy's columns, powerfully supported, had obtained a temporary advantage, and were rapidly advancing. I made a desperate effort to regain my feet; but sunk, tottering and feeble, in the same attitude. I now gave myself up for lost, for already the bayonets of several French grenadiers—their eyes sparkling with furious excitement—were crossed in the direction of my breast, when an officer, whom I immediately recognized, by his epaulettes and authoritative manner, to be their commander, rushed forward, and saved me from impending death. There was no time for acknowledgments. I pressed his hand, in token of gratitude for the service thus opportunely rendered me, and was

instantly dispatched to the rear of the regiment which proved to be the forty-first of the line. I did not, however, long remain a prisoner, for my division, reinforced by a few squadrons of cavalry, again advanced to the charge, and the French columns being vigorously repulsed, the few prisoners they had taken were speedily recaptured by the victors.

“The battle of Waterloo having once more opened the gates of Paris to our troops, the scenes of 1814 were renewed. The duels which took place in every quarter between the French and allied officers, were carried to an alarming extent, and were principally fatal to the Prussians, between whom and the French the most deadly hatred had long since subsisted. The spirit of animosity which actuated the conduct of both parties was not to be extinguished, although the assassinations, for such they might be termed, which almost hourly took place, at length called for the exercise of the strictest vigilance on the part of the police, and the

serious interposition of the several military leaders.

“ While quartered in the vicinity of the French capital, I made frequent inquiries after the colonel, who had so generously preserved my life; but from all I could learn, he had perished towards the close of the engagement:—more immediate and positive information I was unable to obtain, in consequence of my recal to England to join the dépôt of a cavalry regiment then in India, in which my father had purchased me a troop. On reaching my hôtel in Jermyn-street, I found a letter from Agatha, which had been forwarded from Montreal by my Canadian banker. The style of this communication was even more chilling than that of the last, and there were evident allusions to the propriety of a daughter sacrificing her affections to filial duty, which completely opened my eyes to the change which had taken place in her sentiments. In a paroxysm of rage, I not only tore the letter into fragments, but removing the portrait

from my breast where it had hitherto remained suspended, I dashed it with violence against the walls of my apartment.

“ Soon afterwards, I took leave of my family, and proceeded on board an East-Indiaman to my destination in Madras. My fellow passengers were numerous, and consisted chiefly of officers of cavalry and infantry, going out, like myself, to join their respective corps ; while the society was certainly rendered not less cheerful by the presence of a number of married and single ladies. Many of the former were embarked in order to join their husbands ; and the latter, for the chief part, were now crossing the Atlantic on a matrimonial speculation. The whole, with very few exceptions, were lovely and fascinating women ; yet in vain did I seek, in their lively and agreeable conversation, to forget the dereliction of Agatha. Her image was too deeply rooted in my breast, and Agatha, such as I had known her on the night of our final separation, was ever present to my recollection, acting as

a talisman against the temptations by which I was assailed. This state of intense thought amounted sometimes to torture: and satisfied that I had nothing now to hope, I yielded to the example of my companions, and sought to drown reflection in the bottle. One excess generally leads to another: again I played, for it seemed, in doing so, that I revenged myself on both father and daughter, and this wild idea frequently inspired me with a feeling of sullen satisfaction.

“On joining my regiment, I found every opportunity of feeding my newly revived passion. Horse-racing, the favourite amusement in India, was carried on to a ruinous extent in the corps, while the nights were frequently consumed at the card-table. Often, to my shame be it confessed, as the morning trumpet sounded to horse, have I risen, pale and harassed from the board at which I had seated myself the preceding evening, and weak as from the effect of intoxication, thrown myself into the saddle, where I

could with difficulty preserve my equilibrium. The only society in which I found pleasure, when not engaged in this ruinous amusement, was that of my colonel and his daughter, a fine and accomplished young woman, who had recently sustained a heavy loss in the death of a tender and affectionate mother; but the habit and principle of play at length acquired so decided an ascendancy over my mind, that every moment stolen from my now favourite occupation, seemed a tax on my happiness, and I gradually withdrew from the intimacy of their society. During my occasional visits, however, I thought I could trace on the brow of the benevolent colonel, not the repelling coldness of the offended superior, but the anxious interest of the compassionating friend, and more than once I fancied I beheld a disposition to use the language of remonstrance, which was ever apparently checked by some secret recollection.

“ Nearly a year had now elapsed since my arrival in India, and I had involved myself to

so large an amount, that my embarrassments ceased to be a secret, while various rumours were but too industriously conveyed to the ears of my commanding officer. Then it was, for the first time, that I was fully awakened to a due sense of the guilty weakness with which I had been cursed : for in the private conference which ensued, at his request, I found that I had again, and for ever, dashed every fairer prospect of felicity from my reach. Think, Clifford, what must have been my emotions, on discovering that although Mr. Worthington had so sternly and cruelly rejected every mark of contrition contained in my letters, he had resolved not to cast me off without a further and decisive trial. In order to ascertain whether this unhappy propensity was inherent, or merely the result of circumstances, and the peculiar position in which I had been momentarily placed, it was necessary to give me no hope, since, with such an incentive to good conduct as the ultimate possession of Agatha, it might naturally be

inferred, I would not again speedily deviate into the commission of error. His dread of compromising the future happiness of his child, had compelled him, however unwillingly, to inflict this severe trial on my mind, but in that manner only could he decide in regard to the actual tendency of my inclinations and pursuits.

“ Mr. Worthington had obtained the promise of my former commanding officer to watch over and acquaint him with the actions of one, whose projected alliance with his family, sanctioned the adoption of the measure, and this, it appeared, was the subject of their conference at the moment of our departure from F—k—t. The same request had been continued to my present colonel, while the motives, under an injunction of secrecy, were sufficiently explained. With pain and anxiety, this excellent man had remarked my imprudences, and foreseen the serious evils they threatened to entail ; but the word he had given, and the necessity he felt of justice being rendered to the views and intentions of Mr. Worthington,

precluded all possibility of his warning me of my danger, and stepping forward to my assistance. All that he could do, was to express his decided disapprobation of gambling, to the corps; but though few of the officers sought openly to brave his opinion, many secret opportunities were found for indulging a propensity, in which, unhappily for my future hopes, I stood principally conspicuous. With a reluctant hand and heart, he had at length been compelled to convey to his friend the painful conviction of my utter devotedness to this ruinous vice, and that communication had already been, or speedily would be, transmitted to the father of Agatha.

“ I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I listened to this recital. It was now evident that my fate was decided, and that every avenue to a reconciliation with Mr. Worthington, was closed upon me for ever. In all the bitterness of despair, I cursed the vacillation and weakness of my character; and accusing the

colonel of having acted the ignoble part of a spy on my actions, rushed from the apartment.

“ When soothed into something like reason by reflection, I felt the injustice of my conduct ; and, resolving to call on the following morning and make the amplest and most heartfelt apology to the colonel, I once more recurred to the peculiar character of my destiny. Had I not been made acquainted with the latent purpose of Mr. Worthington, I should still have enjoyed that state of comparative ease into which I had worked myself by dissipation, and a degree of thoughtlessness that had latterly become habitual to me ; but, alas ! the conviction that an opportunity had been afforded for redeeming my early errors, and the cruel consciousness that that opportunity had been abused and lost for ever, were circumstances fraught with bitterness to my future peace. Yet the singular change in the style of Agatha’s letters, accorded not with the story of her father’s reservation,

and I vainly sought to reconcile the inconsistency.

“I was recalled from a train of deep reflections to which this communication had given rise, by the entrance of Captain W——, an officer of artillery, with a message from the colonel, and a meeting was appointed for the following morning at daybreak. Although my heart yearned to express the full measure of its regret, yet, as a meeting had been peremptorily demanded, there was no alternative, and at the first faint glimmering of light in the east, I hastened, accompanied by a friend, to a distant jungle, which had been designated as the place of rendezvous. The ground having been measured, and our stations taken, the signal was given, when the colonel's ball passed unwounding by my side, and spent its fury in the heart of the jungle, while I discharged my pistol in the air.

“Having expressed himself satisfied, I ad-

vanced with emotion, and in a manner which sufficiently testified my sincerity, expressed my unfeigned contrition for a remark which had been wrung from me in the bitterness of mental suffering. The colonel took my proffered hand, and pressed it with affectionate warmth, assuring me of his undiminished regard, and his unaffected sympathy in my loss, regretting at the same time, that he should have been in any way instrumental in directing the blow so cruelly aimed at my happiness.

“The heavy affliction by which I was now visited was marked, not by boisterous grief, but by a confirmed stupor, which for a time deprived me of the power of serious reflection. A new source of annoyance springing up, aroused my faculties into action. The state of my affairs had become more and more critical, and my creditors were loud in their demands for money: a circumstance which soon became known to the officers of the corps, by whom numerous hints of the necessity for immediate liquidation, were

in consequence thrown out. Stung to the soul by the selfishness and injustice of those very men, who, the first to profit by my weakness, were also the first to have that weakness arraigned, I, with my usual impetuosity of character, hastened to the colonel, and stating my circumstances, together with the animadversions of my brother officers, declared my intention to sell out of the regiment immediately. In vain did this excellent man endeavour to dissuade me from the adoption of a measure teeming with ruin to my future prospects in life; and, by the generous offer of his purse, seek to preclude all positive necessity for the step. I was resolute in my purpose; for no human consideration could have induced me to continue in a corps where the inuendoes of pretended friends had been the first to proclaim the exigencies they themselves had been instrumental in creating. A purchaser from another regiment was soon found—for I was resolved that no subaltern of my own should enjoy the fruit of my folly—and

the necessary papers were soon forwarded to England for approval and execution.

“Meanwhile I had almost wholly withdrawn myself from the society of my late companions, and again devoted myself to that of the colonel and his daughter, whose amiable attentions acted as a balm on my mind, and somewhat softened the asperity of feeling which blighted happiness on one hand, and ungenerous reprehension on the other, had so cruelly awakened. At length a confirmation of the purchase, accompanied by a draft for the amount, arrived from England; and I had ceased to be a member of that profession for which I originally sacrificed more lucrative if not more honourable pursuits in life. The price of my troop proved just sufficient to pay my debts, and provide me with a passage home; and after having taken an affectionate leave of the colonel, who, with his daughter, expressed the warmest regret at my departure, and a fervent hope of a future meet-

ing in England, I left the shores of India for ever.

“ The probable consequences of the step I was about to take, I had foreseen from the commencement ; but acting ever from the wild impulse of feeling, it was not until too late that I could dwell with sufficient calmness on the imprudence of my decision. An exchange into another regiment would have answered all the purpose intended ; and a draft on my indulgent father, accompanied by a statement of my difficulties, would, I *now* felt persuaded, have been met in such a manner as to have enabled me to liquidate the various claims against me. But thus to have sacrificed every hope of advancement in a profession in which I had already attained a respectable rank for my years, must, I could not conceal from myself, occasion much pain and disappointment to the bosom of my parent.

“ Nor was I wrong in my conjecture. The serious displeasure which he expressed at our

first interview, led to a misunderstanding which drove me a voluntary exile from my family. The slave of impetuous passions, my proud nature could not brook the language of reproach or condemnation, even from the author of my being; and though my heart suffered from the conviction of my hastiness and imprudence, I questioned the right of another to interfere with or arraign my actions. All that I now possessed was an income of two hundred a year, and with that sum I resolved to repair to the Continent, and consume a few years in travelling and visiting the different places most worthy of the attention of the stranger.

“Early in the year 1821, I again beheld the beautiful domes of this metropolis, but, most unfortunately for my projected tour, met with a number of my acquaintance—chiefly young men accustomed to bask in the sunshine of pleasure, and eager to seize every opening to enjoyment. By these I was easily persuaded to give up the prosecution of my design for the

present, and to enter into the gaiety and dissipation peculiar to the society to which they introduced me.

“ Of all the temptations by which the youthful imagination is assailed, perhaps there are none more forcible or better calculated to effect the downfall of resolution, prudence and moral principle, however confirmed by habit or experience, than those pleasure-breathing assemblies known in Paris by the designation of *Salons d'Ecarté*. In these spacious rooms, furnished in the most costly manner, and covered with pier glasses, reflecting numerous lights suspended from the walls in lustres of dazzling brightness, may nightly be seen reclining on rich ottomans, or surrounding the card table, a host of beautiful women, whose moulded and uncovered shoulders, and brilliant animated eyes, acquire additional loveliness and expression from the glittering jewels which adorn their persons, and lend a style of eastern magnificence to the scene.

“ To the fascination and delusion of these intoxicating assemblies, I yielded up my whole time; and night after night I continued to risk sums of money, not very great in themselves, but sufficiently so to make me feel sensible of the severe drain on my very limited income. Cheered by the hope of eventually retrieving my losses, and consoled, in some degree, by the smiles of the syrens, who seemed to sympathize in my ill fortune, I still persevered; occasionally cheated by the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who contrive to procure admission into all these houses, but more frequently the victim of my comparative ignorance of the game, and want of judgment in the regulation of my stakes.

“ Anxious to recover my money, and too much excited by the constant habit of play to deem the stakes at the *écarté* table sufficiently high, I now had recourse to the public gaming-houses, and to such a height was this unhappy propensity finally carried, that I relinquished all

other society, in order to indulge more unrestrainedly in my favourite passion. My days were now consumed at Frascati's and the Palais-Royal, while my nights were devoted to Astelli, Le Pain, Magnolle, and several other lady-proprietors, equally celebrated for the splendour of their establishments, and the style and beauty of the females by whom they were frequented.

“ But to be brief—such a state of things could not long exist. My ready funds were now exhausted, and a large sum which I had received in advance from my banker, was also swallowed up at the gaming-table. Those women, to whom I had often lent a few Napoleons, when fortune, the better to deceive, did occasionally deign to smile on me, were not long in discovering that my finances were fast approaching to an ebb ; and their love-beaming eyes no longer met mine with tenderness of expression, but were turned towards some more happy fellow, who had not yet been completely ruined. Nor was this all. The lynx-eyed

creditors, who seem no less gifted here than their fellows across the channel, with an intuitive perception of the state of a debtor's finances, were not backward in their applications ; and scarcely had I got rid of my last Napoleon, when I found that urgent demands for money were pouring in from every quarter. Every one had a little bill to make up, *un petit paiement à faire*, and they were not long in being informed that I had not a *sou* to aid in the discharge of their bills. They then vowed to arrest me ; nor did they vow in vain, for in a very short time I found myself immured within the walls of a country prison, where I was allowed full leisure to ruminate on my follies, and to form better resolutions for the future.

“ During nearly twelve months I continued in this dreadful state of seclusion, deprived of all intercourse with my friends, who, by a rule of the prison, were debarred from entering my chamber ; and as I was unwilling to associate with any of the inmates of my new habitation, I had

recourse to study to while away my time. The result of this state of isolation, has however been highly beneficial to me, since the serious impressions to which it has given rise, have been productive of a firm resolution never on any account to subject myself to similar humiliations and inconveniences by indulging again in play.

“ It was towards the close of my confinement in this place, that a *guichetier* informed me one morning that an officer of rank, who had formerly distinguished himself under Napoleon, was about to be conducted to the prison on a charge of robbery ; and that as no other accommodation could be procured, he was to share my room. In the course of the evening, the prisoner arrived—but judge my distress and astonishment, when in that officer I discovered the individual who had saved my life at Waterloo. Too much absorbed in his own painful feelings, he did not notice me on his entrance, and, notwithstanding an involuntary exclamation wrung from my lips by the surprise of the

moment, he did not recognize me until I had recalled the circumstance to his recollection. What a distressing situation for us both ! Long and anxiously had I sought this gallant preserver of my life, burning to testify my gratitude, to tender my friendship, and to receive his in return :—now he stood before me when I least expected to see him, in the character of a felon. Was it possible, then, that the man who, covered with scars and decorations, fought so gloriously on that memorable day, hallowing valour with mercy, should have disgraced his laurels and the rank he bore, by the commission of an act so base ? Justice and humanity forbade the supposition ; and the generous being to whom I was indebted for existence, stood wholly exculpated, in my eyes, of even a thought of a dishonourable tendency.

“ Colonel H—— appeared to be about five and fifty years of age. His person was of the middle size, and exceedingly robust. His limbs were muscular, and possessed that iron inflexi-

bility peculiar to men who have been nursed in hardihood, and inured to every species of privation ; while, through the half closed folds of his linen, a chest, literally covered with hair, and common to the inhabitants of southern France, proclaimed him to be of one of these provinces. His thick, dark locks, in which the gray had begun to make itself distinguishable, and bushy eyebrows, gave an air almost of ferocity to his countenance, by no means softened by the expression of his eyes, which were gray and piercing ; while a large scar from a sabre wound, by which the upper part of one of his cheeks had been indented, lent additional harshness to his warlike visage. The frequent play of his features, indicated the existence of powerful passions, and that high tone of character peculiar to one accustomed to command. His action and language were vehement ; and when feelings of a more violent nature were excited, his words were literally heaved from the bottom of his powerful chest. He had served under

Napoleon almost from the commencement of his military career, and had been engaged, independently of smaller affairs, in fifty important battles. Upwards of twenty wounds had disfigured his body in various parts, and several decorations pending from his breast, had been the reward of his bravery and good conduct in the field.

“ And yet this was the individual against whom the ignominious charge of an attempt at robbery had been preferred, and who now waited, with painful impatience, the convocation of that tribunal before which the merits or demerits of that accusation were to be publicly discussed. Whenever the unhappy colonel reverted to this subject, during the short period that we continued together previous to his trial, his wonted firmness of character appeared to forsake him, and tears of bitterness often chased each other down his furrowed cheeks—not tears of regret for a crime which he felt himself humbled to be compelled to disavow even to me, and

of which I most religiously believe him to have been innocent; but tears of despair that such a stigma should be attached to his character, after so long a term of years spent in the service of a country for which he had spilt his best blood, sustaining a reputation for courage and correct conduct, which the breath of slander had never yet dared to sully.

“ He declared himself to be the victim of that spirit of persecution which had actuated the Bourbons since the restoration, in regard to all the faithful adherents of the Emperor; and solemnly protested that his only crime in their estimation was his unswerving attachment to his late master—an attachment which had frequently led him into the expression of sentiments incompatible with his own interests; but nevertheless not of a character to call down such inhuman persecution on his head. The Procureur du Roi, he was well aware, would leave no means untried, no bribery unattempted, to accomplish his disgrace; yet, relying on his innocence, he scarcely

doubted of an honourable acquittal, although his horror of appearing before a public tribunal to meet a charge of this description was profound beyond expression.

“ At length arrived that important day which was to restore, to his original rank in society, the being to whom I was indebted for life, with a reputation unsullied by the cruel ordeal he was doomed to undergo, or to give his name and days to infamy and suffering for ever. At an early hour the colonel was prepared for the summons, which he momentarily expected. His features, now composed, but melancholy, evidently attested the recent action of deep mortification and wounded pride on his mind. He spoke but little, and seemed to be wholly occupied with his situation; but when the *guichetier* entered to inform him that he was sent for, he suffered a tear to escape, as he grasped my extended hand with earnestness and in silence.

“ The interval of suspense was to me painful beyond endurance; nor was it until a late hour

in the evening that I was made acquainted with the result of the proceedings. Soon after the prisoner had entered the court, the act of accusation was read by the Procureur du Roi. It charged Colonel H—— with having, on a certain night, been discovered in the act of stealing a basket containing plate, belonging to the proprietor of the hotel where he lodged, in the town of ———. It further stated, that on examination this basket proved to have been filled with straw, in order to prevent the several articles from clashing together, and thereby leading to detection; and that the prisoner, when by accident met on the staircase, while in the act of carrying away the plate, had on a pair of cloth shoes, the better to effect his object. To this charge, fully detailed in its several counts, the colonel pleaded not guilty, when the Procureur du Roi called several witnesses, all of whom were individuals connected with the hotel, who swore positively to the facts, and the evidence for the prosecution here closed.

“ The prisoner having been called upon for his defence, had no witnesses to produce, but solemnly asserted his innocence of the charge alleged, which he declared to be the fruit of a conspiracy against his honour and his life. He admitted that he had slept at the hotel on the night in question ; but denied having quitted his apartment after retiring to rest. In a speech of much feeling and eloquence, he appealed to the court to decide whether it was likely that an officer who had served nearly thirty years with credit and fidelity, both in the armies of the Republic and in those of Napoleon, could really be guilty of the crime with which he stood charged. Neither were his means so limited as to induce the supposition that he had been driven by distress to the commission of an offence so heinous in its nature, he being then in the receipt of three thousand francs a year for his services and decorations. He concluded by calling on several individuals of high distinction to attest the public services he had performed, and the private

estimation he had enjoyed, until the moment when this infamous accusation had been preferred; and expressing his reliance on the fair and impartial judgment of the court, submitted himself to its decision.

“What must have been his horror and surprise, when the tribunal, pronouncing its sentence with a haste but too painfully demonstrative of its willingness and determination to condemn, decreed that the charge of an attempt at robbery having been fully proved against the prisoner, Colonel H——, a member of the Legion of Honour, he should be publicly degraded from his rank, divested of his orders, and exposed in the pillory on the following Monday in the market-place; and that, further, he should be condemned to the hulks for the term of five years.

“You will readily understand with what feelings of pain and disappointment I received the account of this cruel sentence from the concierge of the prison. As for the unhappy colonel, I

never again beheld him. On his removal from the tribunal, he was conducted to another prison in the town, appropriated to the reception of condemned persons. Each day, until that appointed for his exposure in the pillory, I expected to receive an account of his death by his own hand, but in this I was disappointed. He was exhibited for many hours in the *carcan*, with his imputed crime detailed in large characters, and affixed to a beam of the scaffolding immediately over his head, and a few days afterwards, a chain of convicts having arrived on their route to Toulon, he was attached to the gang. Thus manacled and habited as a felon, the man who had headed a successful charge against the English troops at Waterloo, might be seen confounded with the very refuse of the human race, his once haughty eye shunning the eager gaze of the multitude, and his head bent over his chest in sorrow and in shame.

“ This occurrence took place about three weeks prior to my liberation, and during the

whole of that interval, the image of this truly unfortunate man was incessantly before my eyes. There was something so cruelly romantic in the circumstances under which, after so much fruitless solicitude on my part, we had at length met, that I could scarcely persuade myself I was not under the influence of a dream ; but when I glanced at the opposite side of the apartment, which he had occupied, and beheld the designs he was wont to trace on the walls, in his moments of abstraction from that state of intense suffering in which he more usually indulged, the whole train of recent occurrences rose in succession before me, dispelling the momentary delusion, and flashing painful conviction on my mind.

“ My isolated position had, in consequence of this event, been rendered almost insufferable, when the funds for which I had been so long compelled to wait, and without which my release could not possibly be effected, arrived from England. Once more, therefore, but thin, pale, and languid, from

want of air and exercise, was I restored to freedom. During the twelve months that I continued to inhabit these gloomy walls, such was my aversion to coming in contact with my fellow-prisoners, that I never once descended into the court of the prison ; and had I been without the means of finally discharging the claims of my creditors, I might have ended my days within its limits ; for, although the subjects of the country cannot be detained for a period exceeding five years, that privilege is not extended to the foreigner, who may be immured for life, in the event of his not paying every franc of the original debt and expences, should the caprice of the creditor so determine it.

“ I thank Heaven, however,” concluded Dormer, “ that this has not been my case. Two months have now elapsed since my liberation, and I have had, even in that short interval, sufficient reason to know that the horrid vice of gaming has been effectually rooted out from my breast by the severe probation I have under-

gone. Need I add, my dear Clifford, that the satisfaction arising from that conviction is doubly increased this day by meeting with the friend and companion of my earlier and less eventful years—a friend to whom my experience may prove useful, and whom it shall be my care to guard against those dangers by which the young and the generous are almost imperceptibly assailed in this voluptuous metropolis.”

CHAPTER V.

THE long and interesting narrative of Dormer was scarcely ended, when the loud cracking of a postilion's whip drawing the attention of his friend to the window of the apartment which overlooked the Rue St. Honoré, he beheld his uncle's carriage in the act of entering into the court of the hotel. Apologizing hastily, he left the room, and was at the door of the vehicle in sufficient time to assist Miss Stanley in alighting; who, followed by her father, was shewn to the apartment he had just quitted. Sir Edward.

who had suffered considerably from his old complaint during the journey, was the next object of his attention, and several minutes were passed ere they joined their friends within.

“Dear Mr. Dormer,” “My dear Miss Stanley,” uttered in the most familiar tones of voice, were the first sounds which fell upon the startled ear of Delmaine, as, all astonishment, he beheld, on entering, the hand of Helen clasped in that of his friend. A pang of jealousy shot across his bosom, and, unable to account for the existence of such freedom between those whom he had previously deemed absolute strangers to each other, his eyes were turned inquiringly from one to another, while the half curved lip and increasing paleness of his cheek, proclaimed the emotion he struggled to conceal.

Dormer was too quick sighted, and too conversant with the passions, not to understand at once the feelings of his friend, and he hastened to undeceive him. “My dear Clifford,” he at length exclaimed, “I have been doubly for-

tunate to-day—In Colonel and Miss Stanley you behold the Indian friends I named to you in the course of my narrative. Colonel,” he added, addressing his old commanding officer, “Delmaine and myself have met to-day for the first time since our separation in boyhood ; and I have been availing myself of the privilege of the soldier-traveller, by giving him a full, true, and particular account of all the wonders I have seen, the trials I have undergone, and the few friends whose kindness and attention have compensated for—”

“I hope,” interrupted the colonel, anxious to divert him from a subject which bore evident reference to himself, and in a tone half playful, half in earnest, “that you have not forgotten an enumeration of your follies—especially that of leaving India at a moment when a majority without purchase was within your reach.”

“Time and reflection have made me wiser,” mournfully returned Dormer ; “but, Colonel,

you know I stood only third on the list of captains, therefore, how could this possibly be?"

"True," rejoined the colonel; "but Lovell and Granby, your seniors, perished a few days after your departure; and Freeling's death, which succeeded to theirs, left the majority vacant in about a fortnight."

"Which Beauclerc, the next senior captain after me, got of course," replied Dormer; "but, my dear Sir, you know that I could not resist the tide of circumstances—my debts—my difficulties—"

"Both might have been satisfactorily arranged, had your pride not intervened," returned the colonel, seriously; — "that indomitable pride which would not stoop to receive a mark of friendship from one deeply interested in your welfare."

"Nay, nay, Colonel," exclaimed Dormer, in accents which proclaimed his distress at such a supposition, "it was not pride; it was—I scarcely know myself what it was; but it was not pride."

Deeply, unceasingly, have I cherished the recollection of your generous offer ; neither could I have hesitated to receive an obligation at your hands ; but the conduct of my brother officers—”

“ Was not exactly what it should have been,” interrupted the other ; “ but forgive me, Dormer—I would not willingly recal the painful recollections of that period to your mind ; yet I confess I have not patience to think of the advantages you have so needlessly thrown away ; however, let us dwell no longer on that which cannot now be remedied.”

“ Clifford, do you choose to introduce me to your friend ?” half reproachfully exclaimed Sir Edward, who, seated in an enormous *fauteuil*, near the fire-place, had been a silent listener to the conversation, occasionally passing his right hand down his legs to soothe the violence of his gout.

“ Pardon my inattention,” hastily returned our hero, who, forgetting both his friend, his uncle, and the colonel, had stood watching the

countenance of Helen during this short conference, seeking in vain to discover if it bore any indication of more than common interest in the former. "Dormer, allow me to present you to my kind uncle and benefactor, Sir Edward Delmaine."

"Humph!" muttered the good old baronet, "your friend and uncle, certainly; but as for your benefactor, I hate the term; but no matter—Mr. Dormer, I am very glad to see you. Though we have never met, we are not wholly strangers to each other; for," nodding significantly in the direction of his nephew, "I have heard of you before."

Dormer bowed, and Sir Edward proceeded to inquire what arrangements had been made in regard to their future residence while in Paris.

Clifford communicated the success of his morning's ramble, and proposed conducting the colonel and Miss Stanley to the Hôtel

Mirabeau, to examine the apartments he had engaged.

To this they both gladly assented ; and after a slight repast had been served up, they proceeded, still in their travelling dresses, to the Rue de la Paix, Dormer remaining behind, as a companion to Sir Edward.

The gaily-dressed, young, and somewhat loquacious *propriétaire* soon made her appearance ; and, conducting the party to the apartment *au premier*, consisting of a large suite of rooms, began to expatiate on the size and convenience of the *logement*, and the richness and elegance of the furniture. The colonel appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and his daughter seemed by no means disposed to cavil at the choice made by him who had so readily undertaken the commission.

Leaving the Hôtel Mirabeau, the party again entered the Rue de la Paix, on their return to Meurice's. At the jeweller's shop, near the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, the colonel

stopped for the purpose of making a purchase, leaving his daughter and Delmaine to examine some curious trinkets which lay exposed in a window.

Nearly at the same moment, two young men of highly fashionable appearance, and apparently lounging from the garden of the Tuileries, stopped at another window of the shop; and, scarcely affecting to conceal their real purpose, by even an appearance of attention to the baubles before them, proceeded to comment loudly on the dress of Miss Stanley, who, it has already been remarked, had not thrown off her travelling equipment.

“ *Pardieu ! Il faut avouer, milord, que vos Anglaises ne brillent pas trop en fait de toilette. Elle n’est pas mal, cependant. Dieu, quel teint ! —quels yeux ; mais, aussi, quel chapeau infame ! —quelle chaussure détestable !*” And raising his glass to his eye, he proceeded to a more critical examination of the person of Helen, with

an air of ease and effrontery which could not be exceeded.

“ *Ce sont apparemment de nouveaux arrivés, mon cher,*” drawled forth his companion, in an accent which proclaimed him English, though his dress was fashioned after the style of a Parisian exquisite.

“ *Parole d’honneur,*” resumed the first speaker, still continuing his insolent examination; “ *elle est vraiment jolie ; mais diable ! pourquoi cache-t-elle sa figure ?—Eh, voyons son cavalier ! Cela vient de la cité, n’est ce pas ?*”

The blood of Clifford, which had been fast mounting since the commencement of this short dialogue, now shot like lightning through his veins, and nothing but the presence of Miss Stanley prevented his chastising the insolence of the native on the spot. A quick and irrepressible tremor passing through his frame, betrayed the excited state of his feelings to his companion, who, trembling with apprehension, pressed the arm on which she leaned, with earnestness, and

turned her speaking eyes on his, with an expression of intense supplication.

Unable to resist the appeal, Clifford replied with a look which quieted the fears of his charge ; but turning the instant afterwards in the direction of the intruders, his haughty glance was met by one as haughty and unshrinking as his own. His eye had fastened on that of the first speaker, who encountered his threatening gaze with a mixed expression of ferocity and scorn. Their significant looks were unheeded by Miss Stanley, who was in the act of moving towards the shop, when the colonel joined them. They then pursued their course to Meurice's.

As they passed the spot, where the insolent loungers still continued in the same careless attitude, Delmaine and the Frenchman again exchanged glances of hostile and significant import. There was an expression of malignant exultation in the eye of the latter, which did not escape the observation of Helen. Secretly re-

joicing at the forbearance manifested by our hero, whose responsive looks of defiance had passed unnoticed, she reached the hotel, under the firm impression that the affair was terminated, and that the better understanding of Delmaine had triumphed over the first natural ebullition of passion.

“What say you, Dormer, to a walk as far as Galignani’s—I rather expect to find letters?” observed Clifford, on entering the apartment, where his friend had been engaged in earnest conversation with Sir Edward.

The question was accompanied by an expressive look, noticed only by Dormer, which gave him to understand that something more than a mere visit to Galignani’s for letters was implied. The young men took up their hats, and left the apartment. On reaching the court-yard, Delmaine explained the nature of the occurrence which had just taken place, when, instead of proceeding towards the library, they turned into the Rue de la Paix, where our

hero sought in vain for those he had so recently left standing near the jeweller's, and who, he felt satisfied, must have been aware of his intention to return.

“ They are gone !” he exclaimed, with bitter impatience ; “ let us move on quickly—we may possibly find them on the Boulevard.”

The friends soon found themselves under the tall trees which form the avenue, and pursued their course until they came nearly opposite to Tortoni's, where Dormer called the attention of his companion, who had kept his eyes rivetted before him, to two individuals on the Boulevard des Italiens.

“ There,” he exclaimed, “ is the self-expatriated and coxcombical Lord Hervey, and with him the Comte de Hillier, one of the fiercest desperadoes and most successful duellists in all Paris : he has already killed five men ——”

“ And may now kill a sixth,” interrupted Delmaine, urging his friend to the opposite Boulevard, and directing his steps towards the

persons pointed out by Dormer ; “these are the very men I am in quest of.”

They now rapidly approached, when our hero, having chosen the side nearest the comte, placed one hand on his hip, and extending his elbow, with every muscle of the arm distended to the utmost, he brushed by his enemy with a violence, rendered more irresistible, because it was totally unexpected. The swiftness of motion on one side, added to the indolence of attitude on the other, completely destroyed the equilibrium of De Hillier, who was urged several paces in advance of his companion, and only with difficulty saved himself from falling.

Delmaine, who had previously relinquished the arm of his friend, continued his course loungingly a few yards in advance, and then, suddenly turning round, fastened his eyes on the countenance of the ferocious duellist, with an expression of profound contempt. De Hillier, in whose bosom shame, rage, mortification, and hatred, swelled with ungovernable

fury, could with difficulty articulate, or express his thirst for vengeance. No explanation was demanded, for in our hero they recognized the stranger between whom and the comte the most hostile glances had so recently been exchanged. The latter was aware of the provocation he had given, and he already regarded his opponent as a victim devoted to his wrath.

“Your cards, gentlemen,” demanded Lord Hervey, taking one at the same time from his own richly embossed case; “De Hillier, *votre carte, mon cher.*”

Such was the agitation of the Frenchman, that it was some time before he could succeed in producing one of those cards whose appearance under similar circumstances had so often proved fatal to those by whom they were received.

“*La voici!*” he at length exclaimed, in a deep voice, rendered hoarse by the various passions which assailed him: “*Puisse-t-elle servir aux amis de Monsieur pour un souvenir éternel*

du Comte de Hillier. Demain, milord," he continued,—"*demain, à sept heures, au Bois de Boulogne—pas un instant plus tard !*"

"*Je le veux bien,*" returned his friend, "*quoiqu'il soit un peu matin pour moi, et que j'aime passablement mon lit.* Gentlemen," he added in English, "will seven o'clock to-morrow be quite convenient to you?"

The eyes of Delmaine indicated as little desire to defer the termination of their dispute beyond the present hour, as those of De Hillier himself; but Dormer replied to the question in the affirmative.

"And the weapons?" he pursued.

"Pistols, of course," rejoined his lordship; "is this arrangement perfectly satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so," returned Dormer. "At seven then, my lord, we shall expect you at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne."

The parties now separated. Delmaine and Dormer retracing their steps to the hotel, while De Hillier and his friend retired into the Café

de Paris to dine, and discuss at leisure their plans for the ensuing *rencontre*.

The commencement of the *fracas* had been witnessed by several of that idle group of young fashionables of all nations, who throng the Boulevards at a certain hour, and lounge away the few moments preceding dinner near Torton's and the Café de Paris. They immediately hastened to the spot, with an eagerness that evinced their surprise at so much daring on the part of the stranger; and at the moment when the haughty disputants exchanged cards, a large crowd, among whom were several elegantly dressed women, had collected around them. The fame of De Hillier as a duellist, was too well established to excite a doubt as to the result; and the fate of the young Englishman, for such they soon discovered him to be, was already anticipated. The men would have felt disposed to admire the intrepidity of our hero, in thus venturing to provoke one so universally hated and feared, for his ruffian daring

and unequalled skill ; but that they believed him to be ignorant of the character of the man with whom he had now embroiled himself beyond recal ; and more than one dark and eloquent female eye, as it lingered on the fair proportions and ingenuous features of the stranger, betrayed an expression of mournful interest, sufficiently indicative of the result apprehended from a rencontre with De Hillier.

This nobleman was now in his twenty-sixth year ; his person would have been accounted good, had not the natural elegance of his figure been destroyed by an offensive carelessness of carriage, strikingly expressive of insolence and disdain. His features, also, were regular, and would have been considered handsome, had it not been for the contemptuous curl which not merely played around the lip, but contracted the muscles of his face, even unto distortion of the countenance, and the fiend-like expression of his eyes, which were dull and glassy, and filled with malignant cunning. His rank

and fortune had given him access to the first society in Paris ; but such was the brutal ferocity of his nature, that more than one member of that society had found reason to curse the hour of his introduction, in lamenting the untimely fall of some dear friend or relative by his ruthless hand. Urged by a wanton thirst for notoriety, and priding himself on a dexterity in the use of weapons, which none of the young men around him could succeed in attaining, he often deliberately and without provocation, fastened insults on the inexperienced, which led to results almost ever fatal in their character to the latter

At the period now alluded to, his reputation had become notorious ; and although the houses of many of the more respectable families in Paris were closed against him, while in others he was received with cold and studied politeness, he still continued to keep up a certain connexion. Many of the young fashionables of the day yet adhered to him ; some from fear,

some from vanity, some from the notoriety attached to his name, and some from the similarity of their tastes and pursuits in the haunts of dissipation in which they were wont to meet. By far the greater number of these hated him ; but wanting courage to avow their real sentiments, were content to wish his downfall in secret.

Such was the character of the individual with whom our hero was, on the following morning, to play the stake of existence ; and no little anxiety was excited in the minds of many of the Parisians. The different loungers on the Boulevard, present at the moment of the quarrel, had communicated the intelligence to their friends, who, in their turn, related it to others, and that night there was scarcely a family, among the upper circles of the metropolis, in which it was not known that a duel was to be fought, on the following morning, between a handsome young Englishman and the redoubtable Comte de Hillier. Various were the opinions expressed.

Some decided that the Englishman must certainly fall; others imagined, that as his countrymen were generally considered to be excellent marksmen with the pistol, De Hillier would find his equal. Some few sagaciously remarked, that the glance of the comte's eye would be sufficient to intimidate the stranger and disconcert his aim. All, however, with the exception of a few young men, whom a dread of De Hillier induced to deliver a contrary opinion, expressed their fervent wishes in favour of the Englishman.

On reaching the Rue de la Paix, Dormer quitted the arm of his friend, in order to call on a gentleman in the Hôtel de Douvres whom he knew to be in possession of a brace of excellent pistols, and who was always happy, on such occasions, to accommodate friend or stranger, both with weapons and advice; he promised, however, to be in time for dinner, to which he had been previously invited by Sir Edward.

A few minutes after the appointed time he made

his appearance in the *salon*, where the party had been sometime assembled, awaiting his arrival. There was an air of hurry and fatigue about his person, which did not escape the observation of Miss Stanley; and when she subsequently remarked the exchange of peculiar glances of intelligence between the young men, a faint suspicion of the truth flashed, for the first time, across her mind.

With a view, therefore, to ascertain whether any foundation actually existed for such apprehension, she took an opportunity, during dinner, to inquire if the king's funeral was to take place on the following day, as had been reported.

To this question Dormer, who had been more immediately addressed, replied in the affirmative, adding, that he should feel much pleasure in accompanying them to a friend's lodgings, where he had already secured a position from which the whole of the *cortège* might be viewed to advantage.

The countenance of Helen brightened as she acknowledged the attention, and, encouraged by an approving glance from the colonel, accepted the offer of Dormer. Some reply of this nature was what she anticipated to her question, provided no engagement of the hostile character she feared, was in being. The free and unembarrassed manner of her old friend, now completely re-assured her, and she entered into conversation with a cheerfulness and spirit that delighted our hero, and caused him to lose sight of every other more serious reflection, in the contemplation of those graces of mind and person which the exhilarated tone of her feelings now so happily elicited. With him, however, she was somewhat reserved, but with Dormer she used all the freedom of an old acquaintance.

Delmaine thought he could have listened for ever to the sallies of an imagination evidently directed by sound understanding and good sense; and, much as he required repose to fit

him for the trial in which he was about to engage, he heard with regret the colonel announce the necessity for separation, after the fatigues of their journey. Miss Stanley immediately arose and retired, and was soon followed by Sir Edward and the colonel. The friends now found themselves alone, and Dormer proceeded to communicate the result of his visit. The pistols had been promised, and would, he said, be brought to his lodgings, on the following morning, by the owner, who prized them too dearly to entrust them into the hands of a servant, or a *commissionaire*. He prepared Clifford to expect an original in this person, as far as related to the subject in question; and, having settled that they should meet at his hotel at half past five, he took his leave.

After having completed a letter intended for Sir Edward, in the event of his fall, and disposed of some other affairs, our hero was not long in consigning his wearied senses to sleep.

Before his heavy eyes were wholly closed in forgetfulness, his last thoughts had been of Helen, and the delightful though not unalloyed sensation of pleasure which he had experienced at the moment when, supplicating his forbearance with imploring eyes, she suffered her arm to linger on his own. Impressed with the images to which this recollection had given birth, his imagination prolonged the charm in his slumbers, and he was yet enjoying the delight consequent on the tender avowal of affection from her lips, when a slight tapping at the door of his apartment, suddenly awakened him from this illusory state of happiness to impressions of a less equivocal and more serious nature.

“*Monsieur, cinque heures viennent de sonner,*” said a voice without, in a low rough key.

“*C'est bien, mon ami—laissez la lumière,*” replied Clifford, yawning, and rubbing his eyes, and but indistinctly seeing the reflection of a

light through the key-hole and crevices of the door, which was immediately opposite to the foot of his bed.

The servant who had been commissioned, the previous evening, to call him at five precisely, placed the light near the door, as directed, and groped his way down the staircase in the dark, while the heavy creaking of the banisters beneath the sturdy hands which clung to them with iron force for protection, and the occasional slipping of an unwieldy foot, falsely placed, sent their echoes throughout the death-like silence which reigned in every other part of the hotel, in a manner that threatened to destroy the further repose of its several inmates.

After yawning and stretching his arms a few minutes longer, our hero at length contrived to collect his scattered thoughts, when, jumping out of bed, and muttering something about the uncouthness of the hour appointed for the rendezvous, he proceeded to secure the lamp, which was quite indispensable, the day not yet having

dawned. On looking at his watch, he found that he had only twenty minutes left to dress and reach the lodgings of Dormer. In ten minutes his toilette was completed, and cautiously descending the staircase, he found the porter waiting to let him out, yet evidently much surprised, and curious to know what circumstance could cause an Englishman and a stranger to issue forth at so early an hour. Ten minutes more sufficed to bring him to the Boulevard *quartier* of the Rue de Richelieu, and upon entering the apartment of his friend, he found him already dressed and awaiting his arrival.

The figure of Dormer was not, however, the only one that caught the eye of our hero. At the opposite extremity of the room, and with his back turned towards the door, a tall, stout, middle aged personage stood leaning over a table, on which lay scattered several portions of matter which Delmaine was unable to distinguish in the dim light of the apartment, but which, from the sound, he knew to be either steel or

iron. He had now no doubt that the individual thus earnestly occupied was the professional gentleman Dormer had engaged for the occasion, and satisfied that he was preparing his surgical apparatus for an operation, if necessary, he turned to his friend, and, half jestingly, observed,

“ These, indeed, are awful preparations. Do you think we shall require the instruments ?”

“ Require the instruments !” shouted the busy operator, erecting his tall frame as he turned suddenly round, and fastened his eyes on our hero, whose entrance he had been too much occupied to notice before ; “ sure, and if ye mean to fight, ye’ll require them, and the divil a better set of marking irons can the three kingdoms produce, let me tell ye.”

Delmaine, totally at a loss to understand what particular portions of the surgical apparatus were denominated ‘ marking irons,’ and not a little surprised at the unceremonious interruption of the speaker, stared at him for a moment, and then turned inquiringly towards his friend.

Dormer at once saw the error into which they had mutually fallen, and hastened to introduce them.

“ Captain O’Sullivan, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Delmaine.—Clifford, this is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the pistols.”

“ Really, captain,” said our hero, smiling at his mistake, “ I had quite misconceived your character and calling, having taken you for a surgeon, and the pistols for his instruments.”

“ What, take me, Terence O’Sullivan, for a flesh-hacking surgeon, and the best hair-triggers that a gentleman ever put his forefinger upon, for his filthy working tools—Oh, Jasus ! But come, Mr. Delmaine, as ye are to handle the weapons to-day, pray advance nearer to the light, and examine the virtues of the boys.”

Our hero accordingly approached the table, when the captain, taking up a lock in one hand, and a piece of oiled flannel in the other, now recommenced the work which he had abandoned

in his astonishment, carefully rubbing every part, and greasing the springs, until the free action of the pan, which he opened and shut repeatedly, satisfied him that his task was accomplished. A large mahogany case, containing all the paraphernalia of duelling, stood open upon the table. The barrels of the pistols had forsaken their wonted places, but in the several other compartments were to be seen screw-drivers, powder-flasks, flints, wipers, bullet-moulds, and bullets. Among the latter, the shining surfaces of which bore evidence of their having recently issued from the mould, Delmaine remarked one singularly ragged and uneven, blackened by fire, and evidently of a much larger size than the others. Taking it carelessly up, he advanced it to the light, and observed that it was deeply indented on one side, as if it had come in contact with a resisting bone.

“This is an unusually large bullet, captain,” he remarked, “and better fitted, I should conceive, to a musket than to a pistol. The poor

fellow who received this must have had cause to remember it."

"Indeed, and he remembers it no longer," replied O'Sullivan, in a subdued tone of voice.

"That same bullet gave his death-wound to as brave a lad as ever pulled a trigger, and all owing to the obstinacy of this same French count, who would not fight with the lawful weapons, but insisted on having horse pistols."

"Ah, De Hillier, too," cried Delmaine, his eyes flashing fire; "but how was this permitted—surely this must be contrary to all the rules of duelling."

"In faith it is," replied O'Sullivan; "that is in our own blessed country, but these Frenchmen can never be brought to do the thing like gentlemen. I would rather, Mr. Delmaine," he added seriously, and utterly unconscious of any singularity in the remark, "fight twenty duels at home, than have the bother of one in this country. With us, do ye see, it is but to exchange cards, and meet quietly, and the thing is

soon settled ; but a foreigner throws every obstacle in your way, and tries to have all the advantage on his own side. For my own part, now I know them, I try to avoid them, and not to quarrel with them more than I can help."

"Was the gentleman who fell considered a good marksman?" demanded our hero, musingly.

"As good as ever pointed a muzzle of Joe Manton's," replied the captain, proudly. "No man but myself could so easily hit a shilling as he did with these same playthings, Mr. Delmaine. But the boy was hot, and would fight the blustering count, who had insulted him, even on his own terms. Yet his frame was delicate ; and though his hand and eye were steady, the lock of his pistol was like that of a musket, and the trigger so stiff, that he missed his adversary, and was shot himself. That bullet, Sir, I keep as a proof of the disgraceful advantages taken by foreigners in their duels. Had I not been absent at the time when it was discharged, it would

not now be there disfiguring that pretty shining heap, and poor Harry would yet have been alive."

"Poor Harry, indeed," observed our hero. "I had heard much of the affair in which Wilmot lost his life, but, until this moment, never knew positively by whose hand he perished."

"What, Sir," vociferated the captain, throwing down the last screw which had been submitted to the action of his oiled flannel, while his eyes were turned on Delmaine, in stupid astonishment—"did you happen to know Harry Wilmot?"

"I ought to have known him," replied Delmaine, incapable of repressing a smile at the earnest attitude and manner of his interrogator—"Wilmot was my cousin."

"Your cousin!" exclaimed O'Sullivan, with increased surprise—"Oh, by the powers, then give me your hand, for let me tell ye, Mr. Delmaine, that ye are cousin to as brave a lad

as ever presented his side to be shot at, at twelve paces, and great shame will it be to ye to suffer this same braggadocio of a count, who has already killed one cousin, to kill the other also. Pray have ye ever been in training, Mr. Delmaine?"

"Training," echoed Clifford, "I know not what you mean, captain?"

"Have ye ever practised much with the barkers," continued O'Sullivan, glancing his eye at the pistols, which now lay highly polished and ready for use in their proper compartments.

The glance was sufficient to explain his meaning, and Delmaine replied, much to O'Sullivan's disappointment, that he had not discharged a pistol more than a dozen times in the course of his existence.

"Oh, Jasus!" muttered the Irishman, shrugging up his shoulders, and turning up his eyeballs with an expression of almost contempt for our hero's ignorance on so important a point. "Why, Sir, Harry Wilmot practised

so long that he could almost hit a shilling with his eyes shut."

Delmaine felt somewhat disposed to be angry at the contemptuous manner in which the captain drew his comparison between himself and cousin; but a look from Dormer checked his rising bile, and he replied, though in the sharp tone of one evidently piqued at an implied inferiority, "Although I may not be sufficiently expert to hit a shilling with my eyes shut, Captain O'Sullivan, I trust I may possess coolness and skill enough to hit a man with them open."

"Sure now, Mr. Delmaine," rejoined the captain, extending his hand, and in a voice which he intended should be conciliating, "ye are not offended with me. I was only afraid, do ye see, that as ye know but little of the management of the weapons, ye would miss the Frenchman; and instead of making him pay off old scores, for the death of Harry Wilmot, have your own life to answer for in the bargain. But that last speech of yours has reason in it,

and I do believe, after all, that a cool head with a steady hand, may do much with these little jewels, especially as a man is not a shilling. Now then," he continued, taking out his watch, "we have just half an hour to spare for our preparations."

"Preparations!" echoed Delmaine, "what further preparations can be necessary, captain?"

"Oh, I perceive," said the other, "that ye are as yet but a novice in these affairs. Surely, Mr. Delmaine," glancing at Clifford's morning dress, "ye are not going to fight in those things?"

"And why not?" replied our hero, who now began to think his new acquaintance was even something more than eccentric.

"Why, Sir," resumed O'Sullivan, "who ever heard of a gentleman fighting in that garb! Black silk pantaloons and stockings, black coat buttoned up to the throat, black silk handkerchief round the neck—not a speck of white to be seen—this, Sir, is the real duelling dress; but a blue coat with metal buttons, and a pair

of trowsers of such dimensions—oh monstrous!—and against such a marksman as De Hillier, too—why, Sir, every button in your coat would be a bull's-eye for him, and he must be a bungler, indeed, who would miss your legs with such a quantity of cloth to conduct his pistol. The dead black, Sir, is the thing—it disconcerts the aim, and diminishes the object to the eye, while the silk pantaloons often turns aside the ball, and saves a man from being a cripple for life.”

“All this may be very well for a professed duellist, captain,” returned Delmaine, smiling, “but you may rest assured, that whatever advantages the metal button and loose trowsers may give my adversary over me, I shall make no alteration in my dress for this occasion—nay, were I so disposed, I could not now possibly find time to effect it.”

O’Sullivan stared with the air of a man who knows not whether he may credit the evidence of his senses. It was the first time, during the course of his long practice, that his opinion on

such subjects had ever been disputed ; and as it had always been his pride and delight to be considered as an adviser in affairs of honour, from whose decision there could be no appeal, his mortification in the present instance was extreme. His first impression was to turn away with disdain, from one whom he considered so ignorant and yet so obstinate ; but the recollection that Delmaine was the cousin of the youth, whose untimely fate he had so much lamented, operated as a check on his growing resentment. With that sort of pity, therefore, which a man may be supposed to entertain for one whose good or ill success in a particular pursuit he fancies rests wholly with himself, and who, if abandoned by him, must be exposed to a fate the most disastrous, he coolly observed—

“ Well, Mr. Delmaine, just as ye please about the dress ; but mark me, Terence O’Sullivan, if ye do not live to repent it. And now, Sir, while I go through the manœuvres, and show ye how to raise the pistols with effect,

will ye be just kind enough to throw off your coat, pull up your shirt sleeve, and steep your arm in that pail of water, which ye see standing there." Then taking up a pistol, and assuming the attitude usually adopted in affairs of the kind, he placed his right side full to the front, and stretching himself to his utmost height,

"Look ye here, Sir," he observed, glancing for a moment at his feet, "this is the true position: the heels touching each other, the toes turned outwards;" then once more erecting his frame and fastening his eye on a pair of gloves that lay on a *secrétaire* at the further extremity of the room, "We will suppose that object to be the vital part of a man's body; let the eye be fixed on it, and as you raise the pistol in a straight line from the hip to its proper level, it will follow the direction of your gaze as naturally as the needle follows the magnet. The arm should be free and the nerves well braced, without too much hurry in the action. But," he continued, observing that our hero had not

attended to his last instructions, "I see, Mr. Delmaine, ye are not using the pail of water."

"And with what view is it to be used, captain?" inquired Clifford.

"With what view, Sir!" echoed O'Sullivan, unable to conceal his impatience at being questioned on such a subject—"why, that the nerves and sinews of the arm may be strengthened, and your aim consequently prove less uncertain. When that is done, Sir, a glass of good old cogniac will warm your heart, and then we shall take our departure."

"Excuse me, Captain O'Sullivan," returned our hero, with warmth. "I am extremely obliged to you for the advice you have been kind enough to offer, but Mr. Dormer is my friend on this occasion; and as I neither require cogniac to warm my heart, nor cold water to brace my nerves, I beg leave to decline using either."

The countenance of O'Sullivan fell, from an expression of conscious superiority, to one of

bitter humiliation and disappointment, and there was an evident and powerful effort to suppress the outbreking of his indignant feelings. This, however, lasted but for a moment, and he deigned not to reply. Taking up his hat, and moving with a dignity of manner of which neither of the friends could have believed him capable, he observed to Dormer—

“Mr. Dormer, as I find that my presence on this occasion is not required, I shall beg leave to withdraw; you will find the pistols quite in readiness, and I hope,” (with a half-aside and sneering glance,) “that the gentleman will know how to use them. I wish you a good morning.” Then after having noticed Delmaine by a cool and studied inclination of the head, he moved towards the door before Dormer could find time to ring the bell.

The offended consequence of O’Sullivan could not, however, prevail over the affection he bore to those weapons, which he now left in the hands of men whom he conceived to be

utterly inexperienced in their management. He had scarcely put his hand on the lock of the door, when a sudden thought occurring to him, he turned again and remarked, "Mr. Dormer, as you are not, perhaps, aware, that in the event of either of the parties being killed," his head almost instinctively nodded in the direction of Delmaine, as if he anticipated no other result in regard to our hero, "the weapons, if found, are forfeited to the laws, I wish you would be kind enough to have them taken care of, and forwarded to my hotel."

Dormer replied in the affirmative, and commenced an entreaty to O'Sullivan to remain and accompany them, when another formal "I wish you good morning, Sir," cut him short in his address, and the captain quitted the apartment.

Dormer had been a silent listener to the preceding conversation, and although apprehensive that the peculiar notions of O'Sullivan on this his favourite subject, would not meet with the approbation of his friend, he was by no means

prepared to expect a disunion of sentiment and purpose to the extent now exhibited. He knew that the captain, whatever might be his peculiarities of character, was not only fully conversant with the rules to be observed in affairs of honour, but that his experience would enable them to meet any obstacles thrown in the way of a fair and honourable encounter by De Hillier, whose disposition to avail himself of all possible advantages was notorious. He also knew that O'Sullivan, when not engaged in the discussion of a theory which was literally his hobby, was at least a good-natured and unassuming man, and he felt pained at the recollection of wounded pride so forcibly depicted on his countenance at his departure.

“Really, Delmaine,” he exclaimed, somewhat severely, when the receding footsteps of the captain announced that he was out of hearing, “you are wrong; O'Sullivan had your good alone in view, in the proposal he made, and your manner has deeply offended him.”

“Pish ! nonsense !” replied the other in the same tone, secretly vexed with himself for having wounded the self-consequence of the captain, yet unwilling to admit his error. “The man is a perfect bore, with his duelling dresses, and his cogniac, and his pails of water ; does he take us for cowards, that he imagines our nerves require to be strengthened with cold water, and our hearts with brandy ? You should not have asked him here.”

The reply of Dormer was prevented by the entrance of a *valet de place*, who came to say, that the carriage which was to convey them to the wood, was in waiting. In an instant the friends, recalled to a proper sense of the unfitness of the moment for warm discussion, manifested by the change in their countenances the sincere contrition which they felt, and their hands were again extended in amity. It now wanted but twenty minutes to the appointed time, when placing the pistol case under his arm, Dormer, preceded by our hero, descended

to the court, where the carriage being drawn up, they stepped in and proceeded to the Rue de la Paix, for the purpose of taking up their medical friend, and thence with all rapidity to the Bois de Boulogne.

CHAPTER VII.

WHOEVER has taken up these volumes with the expectation of meeting with a detail of more than ordinary incidents, or discovering more than ordinary perfection in the leading characters, will be disappointed. We pretend not to enter the lists with those who have the happy art of divesting their heroes and heroines of all the weaknesses common to human nature, and clothing them in such brilliancy of wisdom and virtue as to render it a task of difficulty to determine whether they should belong to earth or heaven. The characters in our story are such

as are to be met with every day, and we are inclined to hope that we shall not be utterly unsuccessful in our attempt to render them natural, since many of the events are furnished by our own experience. Many a Delmaine, and many a Dormer, has figured on the various scenes of the French metropolis, and there are probably few young Englishmen gifted with rank or fortune, or both, who may not recognize some features in the picture here imperfectly portrayed, which will admit of application to themselves. Founded principally on facts, this story may in some measure be accounted personal, yet we are aware that we cannot do harm, since self-love will prevent most people from identifying themselves with the satirized ; while of course it must be a matter of absolute indifference to us, who or how many deem themselves the favoured beings intended to be represented by the less objectionable personages. If the exposition of hidden danger can possibly produce that effect which it

is the almost exclusive province of experience to compass, we may at least derive satisfaction from the conviction that a salutary lesson has not vainly been afforded by us to the young and the inexperienced, the tendency of which will be to prevent the latent germs of evil from ripening into premature fulness by too close an approximation to these hot-beds of vice and immorality.

The character of Delmaine as partially developed in the preceding chapter, was not certainly of the most conciliatory or convenient order, yet his disposition was kind, and his heart glowed with the most generous of human feelings. Endowed with a susceptibility which rendered him unable to endure even the shadow of slight or insult, he was equally incapable of conveying intentional offence to another; and the very sensitiveness of feeling for which he was remarkable, was in itself a certain pledge of the delicacy he observed in regard to others. Implacable, however, to a certain extent,

in his resentments, he never easily forgave a wanton and premeditated attack on his feelings. Any attempt to injure him in a worldly sense he could have overlooked ; and however necessary he might deem it to resent a personal violence, such an offence was, in his view, of an inferior description, and could be pardoned as soon as expiated ; but an unprovoked and studied attack on his pride was what neither the strength of his reason nor the generosity of his nature could induce him to forget.

It was this feeling, not less than his growing regard for Miss Stanley, that had aroused the more tempestuous passions of his soul, when the insulting De Hillier so sneeringly demanded of his friend, whether he was not from "*la cité.*" The dry manner of O'Sullivan subsequently when alluding to his ignorance in the noble art of wielding a pistol, had also piqued him exceedingly ; for although he knew that in this as well as in many other equally unimportant points, he had no experience, that besetting sin, his pride,

rendered him incapable of enduring that his ignorance should be noticed or commented on even by those whose opinions he must have held in the greatest contempt. In short, it was that species of ambition which, in leading him to feel desirous of being considered as excelling in all that he undertook, without, however, taking the pains to arrive at that excellence, that tended to confirm our hero in his peculiar susceptibility to the opinions and observations of others.

Yet though governed by those wild and contradictory feelings which would not have rendered him slow to raise his arm against those by whom he often erroneously fancied slight or insult was offered, the heart of Delmaine glowed with the kindest impulses towards those whom intimacy had taught to appreciate his character, and to enter into his feelings; confiding, where he suffered himself to be attached, the very few friendships he had formed were of an enthusiastic description. At his first en-

trance into life, he had carried with him, as many young men of his ardent character usually do, a fund of love and good feeling towards his fellow men; but, although now only in his twenty-fourth year, his partial intercourse with the world had been of a nature to convince him that he had always pictured society as being not what it is, but what he wished it should be.

Gay and grave in turn, his impressions took their colouring from the tone of his feelings at the moment, and to these, just or erroneous, he adhered with singular pertinacity. His support or concession of any particular points of discussion, depended wholly on his caprice. With those he liked he ever waived his own opinions, and with a facility, which had its origin in real amiability of character, said "yes," or "no," as he thought that "yes," or "no," would be most favourably received. On the contrary, with those he disliked, or for whom he felt indifference, he maintained his opinions with a warmth sometimes amounting to obstinacy ;

nor could any arguments of his adversary, however they might convince, induce him to abandon his position. Other peculiarities, and those of a nature almost inseparable from such a character, while sufficient in themselves to cast a shade over the brightest qualities, were also his. These will be developed in the course of our narrative: let it suffice for the present to observe, that the character of our hero was unlike the character of most heroes—a contradiction. Let us now follow him to the rencontre with the formidable and pugnacious De Hillier.

As they proceeded rapidly towards the wood, the friends were struck by the appearance of numerous horsemen advancing in the same direction, a circumstance rather unusual at that early hour, and they at once inferred that they were the friends of the comte, anxious to witness the result of the contest. The most of these, as they passed the carriage, leaned forward in their saddles, in order to catch a distinct view of the

party within, and then dashed forward with additional speed.

As the carriage turned from the high road into the inclosure, several groups were discovered moving carelessly along the various paths which branch off from the entrance of the wood. One only, consisting of a cabriolet and several horsemen, remained stationary. In the former, were two individuals whom the friends immediately recognized for Lord Hervey and De Hillier. As the carriage passed, Delmaine, who sat at the window nearest this group, caught the fierce eye of the comte, who, turning round at the instant, spat upon the ground in the most insulting and marked manner, while his friends around expressed their admiration of the act by a general and loud laugh.

“Did you ever witness such brutal conduct?”

“How ungentlemanly,” remarked Dormer and the surgeon, indignantly, at the same moment. Delmaine spoke not; but the quivering of

his lip, and the increasing paleness of his cheek, sufficiently marked his sense of the insult, while his rolling eye seemed incapable of dwelling on any particular object, even for an instant.

In a minute afterwards, De Hillier lashed his horse past them, with the utmost fury, and led the way towards the ground that had been selected.

“*Suivez ce cabriolet de pres?*” said Dormer, having pulled the check-string, and arrested the attention of the driver.

Soon afterwards the cabriolet stopped, and the parties alighted, directing their course towards a secluded part of the wood. Clifford and Dormer, accompanied by the surgeon, followed at some little distance, when, on entering a small vista, surrounded by underwood, and peculiarly adapted to the purpose, De Hillier and his friend suddenly came to a stand.

Leaving his party in the rear, Dormer now advanced, in order to settle the preliminaries with his lordship, who had no little difficulty in

persuading De Hillier to be guided wholly by his counsel. With much bravado and gesticulation, he insisted either that one pistol only should be loaded, and that they should toss up for the choice, or that they should be placed at twenty-five paces, and advance upon each other, reserving their fire until they had approached within a few feet. Lord Hervey remained firm in his determination to settle the affair in the usual manner, threatening to decline all interference in his behalf, unless the matter should be left entirely to his own direction. After some difficulty De Hillier at length assented, and twelve paces having been measured, he threw off his coat, waistcoat, hat, &c. and took his station on the ground. Summoned by his friend, Delmaine now advanced, and placed himself at the opposite extremity, while the seconds proceeded to load the pistols in the presence of each other.

The signal agreed upon was three claps of the hand: at the first, the parties were to be in

readiness ; at the second, to raise their pistols ; and at the third, to fire.

The weapons were now handed by the respective seconds to the combatants, and Lord Hervey, to whom the lot had fallen, was about to give the signal, when De Hillier suddenly insisted that his adversary should strip himself as he had done. “ Look,” he exclaimed, with an air of bombast, opening his shirt, and laying bare his chest, “ I carry no armour upon me. Prove that you have none, in the same manner.”

His lordship, evidently mortified at the conduct of his friend, now remarked to Dormer, that it was customary in France, in affairs of honour, to adopt the course pursued by the comte.

Dormer knew that it was, and looked at Delmaine, when the latter, putting down his pistol, proceeded with a coolness and self-possession which disconcerted his antagonist, whose object it was to excite him, and consequently render his aim less certain, to divest himself of the same

articles of dress which the other had abandoned.

“ *Monsieur, est il satisfait?* ” he demanded, with a contemptuous sneer, that caused De Hillier to tremble with rage ; then taking up the weapon, and resuming his position, he once more awaited the movement of his lordship.

The eyes of the combatants were bent upon each other at the first signal, with a steadiness and quickness which made Dormer shudder for the result ; at the second, their hands were slowly and deliberately raised, until they came upon a line with their eyes ; while the third was almost lost in the single report of the two pistols. In the next instant De Hillier was seen staggering backwards, while the blood which issued from a wound in the right breast, poured down the folds of his linen, and trickled to the earth. Delmaine also had dropped his pistol, and was in the act of pressing his right side with his hands closely compressed together, and the seconds of both remained for a moment irresolute, as if dreading to learn the full extent of the mischief.

“ *Dieu, il est mort !* ” “ Faith he has shot him ! But my pistol ! Oh, Jasus, it is on the ground,” burst at the same moment from two different quarters of the wood ; and in the next instant O’Sullivan, accompanied by another gentleman, rushed towards Delmaine, while a French surgeon, and one or two of his most intimate friends, advanced to the assistance of De Hillier.

“ Are you much hurt, Mr. Delmaine ? ” earnestly inquired the captain, having previously ascertained that his pistol had sustained no injury in its fall. It was evident, from the tone in which this question was asked, that our hero had risen more rapidly in his estimation than quicksilver in the dog-days, and he pursued, “ Oh, sure and ye are, for see,” turning to the person by whom he was accompanied, “ what a rent there is in the waistband, and observe how this metal button has been indented by the ball.”

Delmaine, however, heard him not ; for though

suffering much from pain himself, his attention was rivetted on his adversary, whom he could not, without emotion, behold weltering in his blood, and possibly wounded beyond recovery.

“Is he dangerously hurt?” he inquired of Dormer, who had advanced to ascertain the nature of his injury.

“I will see,” replied his friend, and he hastened to the spot, where a very skilful surgeon was examining the wound of the comte, whose pale cheek, and heavy eye, betrayed less of suffering, than rage and shame at the success of his opponent, at whom he occasionally glanced with all the ferocity of expression he could yet command.

In a few minutes Dormer returned and announced, that though the ball had entered some inches into the side, the surgeon had declared the wound not to be mortal. Satisfied with this assurance, Delmaine soon lost sight of the concern he had for a moment taken in the situation of his adversary, and suffered his own medical

attendant to officiate. Much to the surprise and pleasure of his friends, it was found on loosening the waistband, and removing the shirt, that the ball had not penetrated, although a large black mark sufficiently attested the severity of the contusion. So acute was the pain occasioned by the blow, that Delmaine had supposed the hip bone to have been broken, and the numbing sensation produced by it, had compelled him to drop his pistol at the moment of its discharge. On examination, it appeared that the bullet from De Hillier's weapon, but too faithfully aimed, had encountered the metal button, and glancing obliquely off, had torn away several inches of the waistband, through which it finally disappeared.

Several of the friends of De Hillier, who had been impatiently lingering at a short distance, awaiting the result, now advanced to the scene of combat. Their surprise and disappointment, however, were extreme, when glancing from the bleeding and recumbent form of the count, they

beheld our hero apparently unhurt and unmoved, amid the small circle of his friends. Among the number of these persons was an officer of the French guards, an Irishman by birth, but long since expatriated and devoted to the service of France. The form of this individual was colossal, and bore a striking resemblance to the statues of Hercules, which graced the promenades in which he was daily wont to exhibit his own powerful proportions. The head was large, the eye and features dull and heavy, while the short, curling hair, descending low into the neck, was of unusual thickness and shortness; his chest was broad and full, the limbs brawny and muscular, and the large knees inclining inwards, gave indication of extreme strength, at the expense of those graces which characterize the proportions of the Apollo Belvedere. This individual was likewise a sort of bully, who had contrived to keep many of the humbler spirits in awe by his bold and swaggering manner, and his professed readiness

to drink the blood of his enemies, even as Polyphemus once drank that of the companions of Ulysses. Considering this an excellent opportunity to produce an effect, he now called out in a language, which in words was English, but utterly French in tone and in accent,

“Gentlemen, I wish to know whether this duel has been fair and honorable?”

The voice was instantly recognised by O'Sullivan, who stood with his back towards the speaker at the moment. Turning suddenly round, and fixing his eyes on the gigantic mass by whom the question had been vociferated, he coolly observed:

“Faith, and is it you, Mr. De Warner, who wish to know if the duel has been fair? Here am I, Captain Terence O'Sullivan, of His Britannic Majesty's —— regiment, ready to support it if ye are inclined to think otherwise.”

The bushy and overhanging brows of Mr. De Warner, were soon restored to their natural position on the short thick forehead, which a perpetual habit of frowning had covered with innumerable

wrinkles, and he now made a painful effort to throw something like a smile into his ungainly features, as he replied, in a much less hostile tone,

“ Ah, captain, I did not know that you were present ; but now I am perfectly satisfied that every thing is correct.”

“ I am happy to find that you are satisfied,” drawled forth O’Sullivan, sneeringly.

The fact was, that the captain knew De Warner, rather better than that individual could have wished. During a recent visit to his native country, he had dined at a large public party, of which the captain made one, and refusing to drink the king’s health, had been turned out of the room by an intimate friend of O’Sullivan, of whom, however, he had not once thought proper to demand satisfaction, but had contented himself with quitting Dublin for France on the following morning.

Had it not been for the opportune presence of O’Sullivan at this moment, in all probability the interruption would have led to serious in-

sults between the friends of the combatants. As it was, all further discussion now dropped, and De Hillier having been assisted into his carriage, which was in waiting, Delmaine, Dormer, the doctor, and O'Sullivan, proceeded to their own, the latter in high spirits, and evidently delighted at the reputation likely to be conferred on his Mantons, by the termination of this dispute.

“ I give you joy, Mr. Delmaine,” he exclaimed, as soon as they were seated, forgetting all former pique in his unqualified admiration of the coolness and dexterity of our hero ; “ and thank yourself you may, that you did not follow my advice on this occasion, since, but for that same metal button, ye would now have an ounce of lead in your body ; yet, Sir, after all, this is but an accident, and the tight silk pantaloons would have turned the ball as readily as the button did.”

It is impossible to say how far the captain would have pursued the chain of this his fa-

vorite theory, had he not been interrupted by Delmaine, who, extending his hand, and apologizing for the warmth he had previously evinced, inquired by what accident he had been induced to follow them, when after what had occurred, he must have entertained so little interest in the result.

Had O'Sullivan been quite candid in his reply, he would have confessed two principal motives in addition to that he now assigned. In the first instance, he had been urged by that sort of instinctive curiosity, which is peculiar to duellists on all occasions of this description ; and in the second, the strong affection which he bore towards his beautiful "marking irons," in rendering him doubtful and anxious in regard to their final appropriation, had whispered to him the policy of his being near the spot to secure them after Delmaine's fall, for of such a result he did not entertain the shadow of a doubt. Concealed in the wood to which he had cautiously followed the parties, accompanied by the

friend already mentioned, he had an opportunity of watching the several movements of the combatants, without the least risk of discovery. The credit of his pistols he now felt to be utterly at stake, as the reply to the question, which he supposed would be in every one's mouth, "With whose weapons did he fight?" must be "O'Sullivan's," of course. This was a matter of no trifling importance to the captain, who, it must be confessed, repaired to the scene of action with feelings less interested in the fate of our hero, than in the reputation of the Mantons he was about to use, which must be praised or condemned even as the party acquitted himself. Yet subsequently, when he remarked the cool bearing of Delmaine, and compared his manner with that of De Hillier, he began to entertain sentiments of a more favorable nature; and sincerely regretted that one so intrepid, and yet so deficient in skill, should be exposed to an aim so murderous as that of the comte. But when he saw the former calmly di-

vest himself of his clothes, in imitation of his adversary, and instantly resume his position in a style worthy of the most experienced in these matters, he began to hope for a different result. Nor was this feeling at all diminished, on observing the steady manner in which the pistol was raised in the direction of the young man's eye, until it had gained its proper level. During this movement his heart bounded with anxiety, and he listened with breathless attention for the report. So great was his satisfaction and surprise at beholding De Hillier the instant afterwards weltering in his blood, that he found it impossible to suppress the exclamation which mingled with the cry of disappointment, uttered by the friends of the opposite party. Heedless of form or etiquette, and quite forgetting that he had only a few minutes previously parted from our hero in deep mortification, he had afterwards rushed forward to congratulate him on his victory. Such were the real motives of the captain's presence;—to these, however,

he had the prudence not to advert : but simply contented himself with saying,

“ Surely, Mr. Delmaine, you could not imagine that for such a foolish circumstance as that, I should have ceased to feel an interest in this affair, even independently of your being a cousin of Harry Wilmot. Thank Heaven, you have revenged his death, at last,” he added, taking up the pistols, and looking at that which had been discharged, with nearly the same expression of fondness with which a mother would regard a favorite child. “ I am glad, however, that his wound is not mortal ; for the man has some interest, and the police are rather apt to meddle in these matters. Six months confinement to his bed will do him much good, and he will know in future what it is to insult a gentleman of the United Kingdom. This little jewel,” he concluded, in an under tone, “ has done its duty, and from this day it shall be called the ‘ Count,’ in contradistinction to its fellow.”

We know not how far, or how long O’Sullivan

would have pursued this new train of reflection, had he not been interrupted by the surgeon exclaiming, "Here we are at length." The party were now turning from the Rue de Rivoli into the Rue Castiglione, when Delmaine proposed to Dormer, that as he had quite recovered the effect of the contusion, they should alight and walk to Meurice's, in order to prevent any suspicion being entertained by their appearing at the hotel in a carriage at that early hour of the morning. This plan was adopted, and leaving O'Sullivan and the surgeon to continue their way home, the friends once more repaired to the Rue St. Honoré.

On entering the breakfast room, they were not a little surprised to find the whole party assembled, and with an expression of anxiety upon their countenances. The state of their toilette moreover announced some unusual degree of haste. A loose morning dress slightly enveloped the form of Miss Stanley, while her full dark hair was but imperfectly confined by a cap, which not having

been disposed according to the strict rules of female art on these occasions, disclosed a more than ordinary quantity of luxuriant curls. Sir Edward also had, contrary to his usual custom, forgotten the operation of shaving; and the absence of the voluminous bandages which invariably encircled his gouty leg, was an evidence that some mental suffering had entirely superseded or rendered him insensible to the influence of physical pain. The colonel alone, true to his military habits, appeared dressed for the morning; but even he had not, on this occasion, observed his usual *propreté*. The knot of his black silk cravat was more negligently tied, and, for the first time, perhaps, for the last twenty years, the straps which were wont to confine his trowsers to their proper position over the boot, had been disregarded. The breakfast table bore every symptom of an unusually copious *déjeuner à la fourchette*; and near the fire-place, where Sir Edward sat in thoughtful silence, several covered dishes were carefully arranged.

The appearance of Delmaine and his friend, caused a complete revolution in the air and movements of the little party. The colonel, who had been pacing the room with a clouded brow and folded arms, now suddenly stopped, and examining our hero from head to foot, at a single glance, suffered a gleam of satisfaction to animate his features. Miss Stanley, who the instant before had been sitting at the breakfast table, with a face nearly as white as the dress she wore, and apparently deeply engaged in a work which proved to be "*Les Lettres de Pascal*," suddenly threw down the book, from the perusal of which she had, no doubt, derived much information, although she never could, at a subsequent period, recollect of what nature. Rising rather awkwardly, while a flush of pleasure passed rapidly over her countenance, she now overturned and broke one or two of Monsieur Meurice's very handsome Sévres coffee-cups. Sir Edward, too, aroused from his reverie, made a movement to gain an upright position, but his

gouty foot coming unfortunately in contact with one of the before mentioned dishes, scattering its contents into the fire-place, the violence of the pain compelled him to resume his seat.

The simple mother, who beholds her wayward child incurring the hazard of destruction, either beneath the wheels of a carriage, or on the brink of a precipice, becomes, for a moment, nearly frantic with the excess of her fear, and the instinctive fondness of her nature is increased tenfold. No sooner, however, is the danger passed than, as if to indemnify herself for the anguish she has been compelled to endure, she mercilessly punishes that child over which an instant before she was prepared to shed tears of bitterness, in all the heart-rending agony of despair. Nor is this done so much with a view to deter the young offender from running into similar dangers, as to gratify a momentary and almost involuntary impulse. When the culprit is well beaten, her feelings are, as it were, relieved, and then she loves and fondles it more than ever.

It was with something of this sort of feeling, increased, perhaps, by the violent twinges which ran throughout his limb, that Sir Edward, who really loved his nephew, and had, in fact, been thinking of him for the last half hour, recalling all the more excellent traits in his character, and willingly losing sight of those of a faulty nature, now accosted our hero on his entrance.

“ Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty of inquiring where you come from, and where you have been, at this early hour of the morning. I was not aware that it was your usual practice to rise by star-light, and indulge in sentimental morning walks. I suppose you find the Paris air too pure to continue in bed until twelve o’clock, as you have always been in the habit of doing in London ?”

Our hero was quite unprepared for this half-angry, half-sarcastic sally, and he felt somewhat confused ; for not only the eyes of his uncle, but those of the colonel, and even a third and more expressive pair, were turned upon him at the

same moment, and he almost feared that his secret had been discovered. An instant's reflection was sufficient to convince him that this must be impossible ; he therefore affected to reply, in a tone of indifference, "Dormer and I have merely been taking an airing in the Bois de Boulogne, Sir."

Our hero was, however, but a novice at evasion, although he thought it both prudent and proper to attempt it in the present instance, and the tone and manner of his observation gave the l-i-e positive to his words.

"Humph !" muttered the baronet. Then, after a pause, and taking a letter from his pocket—"Does this letter then, Sir, imply no other motive for your early rising, than a mere airing in the Bois de Boulogne?"

Delmaine glanced at the paper, which his uncle half extended towards him, and much to his surprise and mortification, recognized the letter he had written the preceding night, and which it had been his intention to entrust to

Dormer for Sir Edward, only in the event of his fall. In the hurry of departure he had entirely overlooked it on his dressing-table, where it had been found by one of the domestics.

Deeming it useless to conceal the real motive of his absence any longer, and unwilling to play the part of advocate in his own cause, our hero now turned to his friend, and requested him to enter into the particulars of the affair, while he retired to change his dress.

This task was cheerfully undertaken by Dormer, who now entered into a circumstantial detail of the several occurrences, from the moment of the insult offered by De Hillier to Miss Stanley on the preceding day, up to that of the termination of the duel to which it had given rise ; and in the course of his disclosure he so contrived to interest all parties in favour of his friend, that when Delmaine reappeared, looking somewhat silly under the consciousness of having been detected in telling a downright false-

hood, with an air of the greatest possible candour, all eyes were turned upon him with a look of undissembled interest. There was only one fact concealed by Dormer, and that was the contusion Clifford had received from his adversary's ball, nor was this reservation without its proper motive. He had, on entering the room, remarked the sudden change in Miss Stanley's countenance; and his own experience was sufficient to satisfy him that such a revulsion was not usually produced on the mind of an indifferent person: neither was he unobservant of the increasing interest with which she listened to his detail. When he alluded to the ferocity of nature attributed to the comte, and to the consummate skill in duelling for which he was remarkable, he saw her shudder and turn pale, though her eyes were bent upon the book we have already mentioned; but when he commented on the coolness and courage opposed by our hero to the ungentlemanly bravado and insulting warmth of his adversary, her features seemed to be

lighted up with a feeling of gratified pride, and her eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy. Then when he described Lord Hervey as giving the fatal signal, he remarked that the blood again receded from her cheek, while the quick and visible heavings of her bosom, attested the anxiety with which she awaited the result. Loving the fair being before him as a sister, and esteeming her for the numerous qualities of mind with which he was of course much more familiar than his friend, Dormer could not endure the idea of conveying pain to her, by naming even the slight injury which Delmaine had sustained, and in this he felt justified, as our hero had declared himself to be perfectly recovered from its effects. When he described the wound of De Hillier, she shuddered with a kind of instinctive horror; but this feeling speedily subsided, as she reflected on the character of the man, and the many and unprovoked insults which had compelled our hero to shed the blood of a fellow-creature.

“Mr. Delmaine,” said the colonel, advancing to meet him as he entered, and pressing his hand with warmth, “accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in my beloved daughter;—an interest which, from all I can understand in regard to your enemy, might have cost you your life. It should have been the task of her father to punish any insult offered to my Helen; but since you have nobly anticipated me, your claim upon our mutual gratitude must be great and lasting.”

Alas! we tremble for our hero. Had he been as candid and as sincere as every hero ought to be, he would have confessed what we all know—that the language of De Hillier, applied more particularly to himself, had had no trifling weight in calling forth his dormant and pugnacious instincts; but who, in his position, would have failed to lay claim to every possible credit? who would have sought to dissipate an error, which, injuring no one, was yet so fraught with pleasurable congratulation to himself? Had

even a spark of doubt lingered in his mind, it would have been dissipated by the sight of one object in that apartment. Helen Stanley, who presided at the breakfast table, was now busied in pouring out the tea, an occupation in which she succeeded tolerably well, until the moment when her father alluded to his claim on their lasting gratitude ; then indeed her hand trembled violently, and notwithstanding all her efforts to confine it to its proper direction, the smoking liquid shared its favours equally between cups and saucers. Raising her dark eyes for an instant, while an expression of the most feminine softness lingered on her features, they encountered those of our hero, and were as speedily lowered beneath his gaze. The heart of Delmaine swelled with a thousand new and various emotions ; and if he had not honesty enough to confess the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to this affair, it was because he wanted courage to forego his claims, however unmerited, to that favour which he

believed to be the result of his supposed exclusive interest in her behalf.

As he could not therefore conscientiously assume all the credit to himself which his friends were inclined to award, he resolved at least to say nothing which could have a tendency to weaken the existing impressions; and indeed it must be admitted, that he now seriously wished that no feeling of a personal nature had been mixed up with the resolution he had adopted, from the first moment, to chastise the insolent Frenchman. Under all circumstances of the case, he felt himself justified in replying, though somewhat equivocally,

“ I shall ever feel the sincerest gratification, Colonel, in the possession of your friendship and esteem; but as for gratitude, it is entirely out of the question in the present instance. I only did that which any other gentleman would have done under similar provocation.”

The party now drew near the breakfast table, where our hero having regained a little confi-

dence, and no longer reading any very great marks of displeasure on the brow of Sir Edward, was not slow in following the example of his friend, who, by his frequent appeals to the *rog-nons au vin de champagne, filets sautés*, and several other equally succulent dishes, gave sufficient evidence of the sharpness of appetite which may be acquired in the course of a Bois de Boulogne airing at seven in the morning.

Had an indifferent person been allowed an opportunity of observing our hero during the succeeding part of the morning, he would have found no little difficulty in identifying the gay and animated being before him with the individual who, a few hours previously, had raised his arm in all the deliberation of deadly hostility against his fellow man. Scarcely would he have believed, that while the noblest feelings of the human heart beamed from the full and expressive eyes of that individual, the groans of one who had fallen by his hand, were, even at the distance of a few hundred yards, filling those by whom

his couch of suffering was surrounded, with grief and consternation—yet this was the case, and this is man.

We presume that our anxious readers are curious to know by what means the non-combatant portion of our friends obtained the information which induced their unusually early desertion of their respective beds. As this is a point of nearly as much importance, as the present political question, “are the Catholics to have emancipation, or are they not?” we shall endeavour to explain. We have already remarked that the porter’s curiosity was not a little excited in regard to the possible motives for our hero’s early exit through the ponderous gates which he guarded with all the fidelity of a second Cerberus; and when Sir Edward’s valet made his appearance in the *loge* an hour later, he communicated the fact to him with an air of much mystery and importance. Now this same valet had already formed a travelling acquaintance with Miss Stanley’s maid, and to her he

repeated the mystery of Delmaine's singularly early departure no one knew whither, but under an injunction of the strictest secrecy. Miss Stanley, like our hero, had enjoyed dreams of a very pleasing nature ; and though, unlike him, she had no day-light appointments to keep, she awoke at an early hour, and after one or two ineffectual attempts to renew those pleasing dreams, she determined on ringing for her servant. In a few minutes Harris appeared, and with a countenance big with some important secret, proceeded to the discharge of her customary duties. For ten long minutes she contrived to keep down the communication which was every moment rising to her lips ; but longer concealment was beyond her strength, for she felt the secret literally gnawing at her vitals.

“What do you think, Ma'am,” at length burst abruptly from her labouring bosom, “young Mr. Delmaine went out this morning before day-break, and nobody knows where.”

“Are you certain, Harris, that this is the case?” inquired her mistress anxiously, all the occurrences of the preceding day rushing fearfully on her memory, and converting surmise into almost certainty.

“Quite certain, Ma’am,” returned the officious waiting woman. “Sir Edward’s valet had it from the porter himself who let him out. He says, also, that he had privately given instructions last night to be called at five in the morning.”

Miss Stanley now felt fully satisfied that she had been deceived in regard to the affected indifference manifested by our hero for his enemy, and she shuddered to think of the consequences which might ensue, and of which she was in some measure, however innocently, the cause. Finishing her toilette in the hasty manner above described, she dispatched Harris to the apartment of her father, with a request that he would see her immediately in the breakfast room. Taking her cue from the anxiety and hurry evinced

by her mistress, Harris instantly decided, in her own mind, that Mr. Delmaine had gone out to fight a duel; and having succeeded in awakening the colonel, she thought she might take it upon herself to announce—perhaps with a view to stimulate his movements—that something very dreadful had happened, which rendered it necessary he should see Miss Stanley immediately.

“What is it, woman? what has happened?” exclaimed the colonel, starting from his bed, and hastening to prepare himself for the interview desired.

But the woman answered not, for she was already embarked on a second expedition. Harris, like many other, and higher deputies, now that she felt the importance of her delegation, fancied that she was fully justified in exceeding the letter of her instructions. Hastening, therefore, to Sir Edward’s room, she knocked at the door with a violence that almost threatened its demolition.

“Who is there?” muttered the baronet, awakening from his first sleep, which had commenced about four o’clock in the morning.

“It is me, Sir,” replied Harris, boldly, and in the tone of one who feels that the interruption is one of moment to the party interrupted.

“And who is me?” inquired Sir Edward, unable to recognize the voice, which, however, he had no difficulty in ascertaining to be that of a female.

“It is me, Harris, Miss Stanley’s maid, Sir; I am come to tell you that young Mr. Delmaine is gone out to fight a duel.”

“Gone out to fight a duel!” cried Sir Edward, startled as if a thunder-bolt had sounded in his ears, “impossible!” But even while his lips pronounced such an event to be impossible, his heart acknowledged a contrary impression; and dressing himself with an expedition that would have excited his utmost surprise at any other moment, and without once ringing for his servant to assist in the operation, he ap-

peared in the breakfast room almost as soon as the colonel and Miss Stanley. The latter now entered into a detail of the circumstances which had occurred on the preceding day, near the jewellers', when it was at once decided that a meeting had been the result.

All doubt on the subject was soon at an end. The curiosity of Harris had been raised to the highest possible pitch, and she felt a certain degree of importance in having been the means, even though a secondary one, of conveying this intelligence to those so every way interested in the affair. Harris had, in her younger days, been a great reader of romances, and she recollected that it was customary with heroes and heroines, when absenting themselves without permission, to leave some written document, explanatory of their motives, behind them. It now occurred to her, that if she could find her way to Mr. Delmaine's bed-room, she would probably meet with some paper of this description; and she imagined that on such an occa-

sion, it would not be a very great sin to enter a single gentleman's sleeping apartment. "Screwing her courage to the sticking place," she therefore boldly entered, and almost the first thing that met her inquiring eye, was the letter, sealed and directed to Sir Edward, which lay on the dressing table. Seizing the prize, she bolted again from the room, as if the ghost of Delmaine had pursued her, and hastening to Sir Edward, handed it to him.

The old baronet broke the seal with eagerness, and rather devoured than read its contents ; while the varying expression of his countenance, betrayed to his friends the several passages which more or less displeased and vexed him.

"Humph ! it is but too true," he at length exclaimed, folding the memento impatiently, and placing it in his pocket. "He says he has gone out to fight a duel, but with whom, or on what account, he does not state. The rest of his letter contains nothing more than hypocritical

professions of tender affection and gratitude, and canting acknowledgments for what he calls my uniform kindness towards him—all stuff! Pretty affection, and pretty gratitude, truly, and a pretty way of evincing it, by killing me with anxiety and fears for his safety! But what is to be done, colonel—what measures are to be adopted? or is it too late to interfere?”

And the eyes of Helen asked precisely the same questions; but the colonel had now become less familiar with the language of the eyes, than with that of the lips, and he replied, with the true dignity and feeling of the soldier,

“My dear friend, we must have patience, and await the result. Nothing can be done to prevent this affair taking place, without compromising your nephew’s character for courage; and even if any thing could be done, it is now too late. They were to meet at seven o’clock, and it now wants but a quarter to eight; besides, all who go out on these occasions do not

fall. Let us, therefore, await the termination of the affair with patience."

"Patience!" exclaimed the good old baronet, petulantly. "It is well for you, Stanley, to talk of patience, who have no nephew's existence at stake; but I cannot be cool or patient under my present feelings. Clifford is the son of the brother of my affection; he has lived with me from infancy, and to lose him now would break my heart."

"But you will not lose him," returned the colonel, with an air of confidence; "at least let us hope not. If I might advise," he continued, smiling, "it would be no bad policy to have a substantial breakfast in readiness; for as by your letter it appears they were to meet at seven, it is very probable that he and Dormer, by whom I presume he is accompanied, will be here almost immediately. It would be a pity to keep them waiting, for I know by experience that sharp morning air, and the smell of gunpowder, are great provocatives of appetite."

The colonel's object was to divert Sir Edward's thoughts, and he succeeded; for no sooner had the worthy baronet admitted the possibility of his nephew's return, not faint from loss of blood, as he had been busy in anticipating, but faint from excess of hunger, than he desired some half dozen dishes to be brought in and placed near the fire, in readiness to sustain an immediate assault. This point settled, the party had relapsed into that state of abstraction and silent communion with their own feelings which had been interrupted, as above stated, by the appearance of the guilty party himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a beautiful morning in September : the rich tints of the autumnal leaf shone in mellowed beauty beneath the rays of a meridian sun, and the golden flickering atmosphere seemed to impart its own softness to all of animate and inanimate nature. The gay edifices of Paris appeared to rise more lofty in the hazy distance, and the tolling of numerous bells was borne more distinctly on the ear ; the city seemed to have poured forth her inhabitants, as for a jubilee ; and one continuous crowd of

both sexes extended from the palace of the Tuileries, and through the streets of Rivoli, and de la Paix, to the Boulevard des Capucins. Here, swollen with the tides which rushed in from every side as to one common centre, the dense and stationary masses were blocked up without a possibility of movement. From thence the anxious people were thronged along the vast line of avenue conducting to the Porte St. Denis, and through the Faubourg of that name to the spacious plain that opens beyond the barrier. Here the great body of the population was assembled, and as far as the eye could reach on either hand, and extending to the distant town of St. Denis, the spires of whose churches glittered on high, amid that golden atmosphere, like beacons of hallowed light, a confused mass of carriages of every description, of horsemen and of pedestrians, was discernible. In the Faubourg, and throughout the plain, the crowd was divided by a corps of infantry, whose office it was to preserve unencumbered a space

appropriated to the movements of what all felt to be the objects of their attraction and curiosity.

Along the Boulevards, and in the streets, that duty was performed by mounted *gendarmérie*, whose mettled chargers were made to prance along the line, now threatening the pretty foot of some Parisian belle with the rude hoof, as she exceeded the boundary prescribed, now lashing the long tail beneath her bonnet, and producing a scream which, in the next instant, was chased by the forced laugh that sprung at once from a consciousness of security, and a dread of ridicule. Sometimes, on these occasions, an *ancien militaire*, on whose arm reclined a sister, a mistress, or a friend, with no other distinctive marks of his profession than his fierce look and enormous mustachio, would curl the latter as if in defiance of the offender whom he seemed to dare to a repetition of the act; but more frequently the light-hearted citizens, treating the thing with levity, were rather disposed to admire the dex-

terity of the cavalier, and the prancing movements of his horse, than to condemn the performance of a duty that had been strictly enjoined. Gaiety beamed from every countenance; light repartee flew from one to another amid the several groups; and that seeming indifference to, and forgetfulness of all subjects unconnected with the gratification of the present moment, was never more observable than on the present occasion.

But though the eye lingered not unpleasingly along the line of fair forms, and joyous countenances which thronged the streets and Boulevards, it turned with an expression of deeper interest towards the tall masses of buildings which rose on either hand. At every window of every apartment of these, numbers of beautiful and elegantly dressed women were to be seen, awaiting some momentarily expected pageantry, with an impatience not inferior to that manifested by the groups below. A stranger who could have forgotten the changes operated

within the few preceding years, might have been inclined to believe that the population of Paris were then met to receive Napoleon on his return from one of those numerous conquests which have identified his name with immortality; or that, the nuptials of some favorite prince or princess were then celebrating. But neither the triumphal entry of a successful and warlike chief, nor the joyous ceremony of a royal wedding, was the spectacle which anxious thousands were assembled to behold. It was the funeral of their king. Pleased with public exhibitions of every description, with this light and frivolous people, a triumph, a fête, or a funeral, were alike matters of excitement; the same gaiety of deportment being evinced, and the same absence of all other sentiment, than the absorbing one of curiosity. But though unimpressed by the solemnity of manner fitted to such occasions, the natural liveliness of their character was restrained within the just bounds of decorum; and while but few amid

those congregated thousands, comprising the very lowest classes of society, suffered their countenances to wear the semblance of a grief which they did not feel, no unbecoming interruptions were offered, no vociferous or insulting exclamations were uttered ; but each with that sort of tact which is almost peculiarly French, seemed fully sensible of the due limit which should be set to the indulgence of his natural gaiety. For upwards of two hours they had waited decorously, though not without impatience, for the signal which was to announce the departure of the *cortège* from the palace.

At length the cannon began to peal at intervals throughout the heavy atmosphere, and as if by one common and simultaneous instinct, all necks and heads were stretched in the direction by which it was to advance. Even the vast throngs assembled on the plain of St. Denis, although conscious that much time must elapse before it could appear in sight, turned their eyes in the same quarter. Preceded by a corps of

the *gendarmerie d'élite*, the procession now turned the Rue de Rivoli, and crossing the Place Vendôme, entered into the Rue de la Paix. All the troops then stationed in Paris, and its immediate vicinity, were present. First came the numerous infantry, with their arms reversed, after whom followed the horse artillery, the finest corps in the service of France, dragging the heavy rumbling guns with one hand, and holding a lighted match in the other: the men of this corps were truly imposing in appearance. To these succeeded the heavy cavalry of the line; several coaches, bearing the royal arms of France, and containing princes of the blood, preceded the car in which was deposited all that now remained of the eighteenth Louis.

Nothing could be more gorgeous than this vehicle—nothing could tend less to impress a stranger with the fact of its being a receptacle for the dead. Four gilt pillars rising from the several angles of the car, and terminated above by plumes of white ostrich feathers, supported a

canopy of the same material, relieved by festoons of the richest crimson velvet. The dazzling splendour of the bier, which, like the body of the car, was also highly gilded, attracted every eye, and was scarcely surpassed by the regalia which had been deposited on the former. Behind these came the archbishops, the bishops, and inferior clergy of the metropolis, after whom followed a long line of mendicants, habited in grey frocks and hoods, and bearing each a lighted torch. Succeeding these, and in full costume, came the marshals of France, with their white sashes girding their loins, and a host of decorations pending from their breasts. A numerous group of young and handsome aides-de-camp, and other officers of the staff, followed in their train, prancing their gaily caparisoned steeds in despite of the solemnity of the occasion, and saluting and saluted by the fairer and more select of those female groups which lined the windows in the principal streets, and along the Boulevards. After these came the municipal

authorities of Paris, and then the royal foot guards, and the corps of the hundred Swiss followed by the household cavalry. First the cuirassiers, with their glittering armour and heavy helmets, wedged in close column presented their imposing front, while numerous squadrons of hussars, their bear-skin caps, and long moustachios giving additional fierceness to their looks, composed the centre. The lighter and more elegant divisions of the lancers next appeared, dazzling and delighting every female eye with the motion of the gay flags, suspended from their long lances, and the unceasing action of their plumes, waving in recumbent gracefulness over their shakos. To these succeeded the *garde du corps* of the king, and that of Monsieur, in their full and richly embroidered dresses, and the procession was finally terminated by a second corps of the *gendarmérie d'élite*.

The only apartment which Dormer had been enabled to secure for his friends, was an *entresol* on the Boulevard de Gand, which, however,

commanded a distinct view of the ceremony. Sir Edward and the colonel were not of the party—the former feeling himself too unwell to venture out, and the latter being occupied in writing letters of importance. Immediately below the window at which Miss Stanley, Dormer, and our hero now stood, a small group, consisting of two ladies and the gentleman already described as O’Sullivan’s friend, had taken their stand without the crowd. The eyes of both females were directed towards the party ; but an observation from their companion, who, in glancing upwards, had distinguished our hero, caused them to turn suddenly round, and Delmaine instantly recognized in the fuller and more matronly figure, his late *compagnon de voyage*, Madame Dorjeville. She looked at him for a second, but immediately dropped her eyes and resumed her original position. Her companion appeared to be about nineteen. Her hair, of a rich auburn, was luxuriant and glossy ; her skin was delicately fair, and her large blue

eyes sparkled with fires that attested any thing but the slumber of the passions. Her gaze encountered, but shrunk not from that of Delmaine. Yet her look was not bold; it had a blended expression of touching softness and exciting languor, which fascinated and subdued. Her figure was elegantly formed, and her attitudes, free and unstudied, were singularly striking in their gracefulness.

“*Est-ce bien lui,*” she at length exclaimed, in an animated tone, and evidently replying to the observation of the gentleman to whom she now turned, “*ah ! qu’il est joli garçon.*”

The parties were too near not to be overheard by Delmaine and his friends, and each was variously affected by the remark. Miss Stanley trembled and turned pale, while a feeling of disappointment stole across her mind as she gazed on the beautiful and dangerous speaker. Our hero affected not to have heard it; but in the gleam of satisfaction which lighted up his countenance, a less attentive and

less interested observer than Helen, would have discovered not only that he had heard, but that he was pleased with this expression of interest from one so evidently fascinating. Dormer watched the countenances of his friends, and understood their feelings. He foresaw, in the delicate sensibility of the one, and the impetuous passions of the other, sources of much future disquietude to both, and he almost felt inclined to wish they had never met.

“Surely these people will never come,” said Miss Stanley, with an air of impatience. “We have already been here upwards of an hour.”

“They cannot be detained much longer,” observed Dormer: “it is nearly twelve o’clock, and that was the hour appointed for the departure of the *cortège*.”

“For my part,” exclaimed Delmaine, endeavouring to assume an air of indifference, “I find more amusement in studying the anxious countenances which have been exhibited for the last hour, than I could possibly derive from

witnessing the most splendid procession in the world. Do you not agree with me, Miss Stanley?"

"Much depends on the interest we feel in those countenances," returned Helen, in a quick yet faltering tone. "There are some faces that please more than others, and I dare say you have not been studying *all* the different countenances which compose those groups, Mr. Delmaine."

Clifford felt and coloured at the sarcasm conveyed, for he could not deny that the observation of Miss Stanley was perfectly just. His only answer was a look—but a look so full of eloquence and softness, that it banished every unfavorable impression from the mind of Helen, and restored her once more to gaiety and good humour.

"*Voilà les grandes eaux de Versailles,*" said a young Frenchman of fashionable appearance, who, with his friend, had now joined Madame Dorjeville and her party.

Not only the eyes of the little group below

were turned in the direction to which he pointed, but those also of Delmaine and his party. At a short distance, and closely pressed by the crowd, our hero now beheld his quondam friend, the enormous Mrs. Rivers, accompanied by two nearly equally voluminous masses of matter, which he presumed to be her daughters. They were escorted by the tall gentleman who had played so conspicuous a part in the packet scene described in the opening of the volume. Mrs. Rivers, whose nature and maxim it was to be perpetually bustling, was by no means inactive on the present occasion. Like many others, she had been unable to procure an apartment in any part of that long extent through which the procession was to pass ; and she now sought, as she elegantly expressed herself, to “make the best of it,” where she was.

It was singularly unfortunate for Mrs. Rivers, at least on the present occasion, and under existing circumstances, that Nature had curtailed her of much length, while she had

added proportionably to her breadth, for she was literally thrown into a copious perspiration by the repeated and successive efforts she made to raise herself on her toes on a line with those who so completely intercepted her view. Foiled in this attempt, she now had recourse to another expedient, and seemed resolved to gain, what in England is vulgarly termed, "elbow room." With this view, and much to the amusement of some and annoyance of others, she kept fidgeting her short thick person in every direction, until she finally succeeded in effecting a passage; when, establishing herself in front of the line, she seemed perfectly indifferent to the position of her party. Meanwhile, the Hottentot proportions of the young ladies, literally suspended from the arms of their tall cavalier, kept moving up and down with little less velocity than that exhibited by their mamma; so great, indeed, that in one instance it nearly threatened a catastrophe.

It was a peculiarity with Mr. Darte to be considered as being on the best of terms with

whatever lady he conversed ; and nothing, he fancied, was more likely to impress his male acquaintance with the fact, than that sort of whispering familiarity in which he was wont to indulge. Several of his friends were among the surrounding concourse ; and as he now stooped both to the right and to the left, to whisper observations to the young ladies, which were by no means of a nature to require so much seeming mystery, his countenance wore an air of satisfaction and self-sufficiency, which was intended to attract the attention of others.

Unfortunately, the persons of Misses Fanny and Lucy, although scarcely inferior in dimensions, were very little more elevated than that of their mamma, whose example in rising on the toe, some sixty times in a minute, they now most sedulously imitated. Just as Mr. Darte, whose observant eye had caught the gaze of a gentleman of his acquaintance directed towards him and his companions, stooped, with an air of tenderness, rather unusual for him, thrown into

his naturally stern features, to make some remark to Miss Lucy, that lady's head propelled rather violently upwards by the impetus of more than a hundred weight of animal matter, came in contact with the *nez retroussé* of the gallant, which suffered so much by the concussion, that he was compelled to have recourse to a cambric handkerchief, with which he now occupied himself in staunching the blood that flowed rather abundantly.

Miss Lucy apologized, of course, but being more intent on seeing the procession than interested in the result of her *gaucherie*, seemed to pay no further attention to the circumstance, at which, Miss Fanny, however, laughed most heartily. Mr. Darte, though secretly cursing the unlucky star which had led him accidentally that morning into a *rencontre* with these not the most polished of his acquaintance, by whom he had been pressed into the service for the day, was too polite to betray his vexation. He would even have had command enough over himself to

appear gracious, and treat this offence to his dignity with badinage, had he not unfortunately discovered that the acquaintance just alluded to, had been a witness of the accident, and was now amusing himself at his expense with an individual who had joined him. Mr. Darte was a true Frenchman in one respect; he could endure any thing but ridicule, but this was a weapon to which he was peculiarly vulnerable, and now that he saw it directed by his own friends, his heart sunk within him; nothing but the recollection of balls and suppers, which flashed confusedly across his mind, prevented his being absolutely rude to his companions. Mr. Darte had the happy talent of reconciling his feelings to his interests, and even when he hated those to whom he was compelled to pay attention, could smile and appear all amiability and kindness.

Few of our readers, however, who have spent any time in Paris, can fail to recognize an old acquaintance in Mr. Darte, who has long been

a fixture in that gay metropolis. Few can have lounged in the gardens of the Tuileries between the hours of three and five, without meeting a tall, stiff-backed gentleman, with some half dozen yards of cravat encircling his throat, and descending over his chest in multitudinous folds, his elbows preserving an angle of forty-five degrees, and adhering to that position with studied and unyielding pertinacity. Few of those who have been in the habit of attending the English *soirées* in Paris, can have failed to remark a consequential being, who, pirouetting *à la Paul*, with a no very Paul-like face or figure, has often placed the toes of the surrounding party in jeopardy, while the peculiar curling of the upper lip, would have induced one to believe that he was rather suffering torture from the operation, than deriving any pleasure in the amusement. This accomplishment had, however, proved of the greatest service to the tall gentleman, who had succeeded in pirouetting himself into the good graces of

the young ladies, while another peculiar talent for which he was remarkable, had ensured him the suffrages of the mammas. Mr. Darte was a second Kitchiner, and could expatiate on the various duties of the purveyor's department, with nearly as much facility as he turned on his heels. Wherever he chanced to dine he ensured himself a round of future invitations, by the unqualified praises he bestowed on the taste displayed in the culinary arrangements; for as all were in the habit of hearing him volunteer his opinions on such occasions, it was presumed that his privilege was acknowledged, and his judgment undisputed. Nothing could be more admirably convenient to the tall gentleman than this sort of life, for a good dinner some three or four days in the week, in a great degree compensated for the privations to which he would otherwise have been subjected by a somewhat limited income. Wherever he dined, however, he was expected to dance almost exclusively with the young ladies of the family, when there

chanced to be any ; for good dancers were much in requisition, and a young lady who had any pretensions in that line, would as soon have dispensed with the services of Colinet, as with those of Mr. Darte, since good music was not more necessary in the one, than good dancing in the other, to make her appear to advantage. In short, no dancing dog or monkey, amid the host of those which were daily exhibited by the young Savoyards in the streets, and on the Boulevards of Paris, was more frequently called on to exhibit its powers than Mr. W. C. H. D. F. Darte, whose names were even numerous as his steps. He was often heard not to complain, but to boast that the requisition in which his legs were so generally held, invariably cost him a pair of silks per night.

The tall gentleman's enumerations of the expences incurred by the hire of cabriolets in attending these parties, were also frequent ; but he had been observed by more than one person removing the shoes in which he had walked to

the porters' lodge, and substituting those magic pumps which were to charm all female eyes, and which were carefully drawn from a side pocket of his capacious cloak.

As the farmer consults his barometer in order to ascertain the state of the weather, in the same manner, and with the same confidence, were the young Englishmen in Paris wont to consult Mr. Darte for information in regard to the amusements of the evening. Were a dozen parties to take place on the same night, he knew where, and by whom given ; for such was the estimation into which he had danced himself, that invitations came pouring in from every quarter, and often puzzled him in his choice. He had, however, *goût* sufficient to prefer those where something more than *eau sucrée*—that terror of all Englishmen—constituted the refreshment of the evening ; for while he gratified the young ladies by the display of an agility by no means common to a serious looking personage, measuring six feet some inches in height, he seldom neglected to gratify

himself in return, by paying assiduous court to the good things on the supper-table.

This was a primary consideration, and he sought every opportunity of enlarging his substantial supper-giving acquaintance. He had been introduced to two young ladies, a short time prior to a trip he made to London, as the daughters of a city couple, who, it was whispered, intended to give large entertainments in Paris during the winter; and it was the mother of these young ladies whom he subsequently met on board the steam-packet, on his return, in the person of Mrs. Rivers. In what manner he succeeded in reconciling himself to that lady, in the cabin, we could never learn; but Mr. Darte, it has been observed, had much plausibility of manner, and, we doubt not, that by mixing with his apologies, which his interests must have rendered sincere, certain flattering observations in regard to Misses Fanny and Lucy, he had contrived to disarm the fat

lady of her resentment, and to insinuate himself entirely into her good graces.

The remark of the young Frenchman was occasioned by a *jeu de mot*, which had become almost proverbial both among French and English, in regard to the Rivers family, whose vast proportions had induced the appellation.

“*Au moins ce ne sont pas des eaux cou-lantes,*” said the fair friend of Madame Dorje-ville, smiling and looking archly, “*qu’en pensez-vous, marquis ?*”

“*Ma foi, je ne m’occupe guères de ces êtres là,*” replied the individual interrogated, who with his hands crossed behind him, stood leaning against a tree in the most indolent of attitudes. “*Cependant,*” he continued, attempting to keep up the pun, “*vous avez tort—Elles peuvent couler facilement.*”

“*Et comment, mon cher marquis ? expliquez-nous cela, de grâce,*” returned the other, playfully.

“*Elles peuvent couler bas,*” was the reply, accompanied by a smile.

“*Ah, Monsieur le Marquis de Forsac, c’est un jeu de mot détestable que cela ; à peine le pardonnerait-on à un étranger !*” said the lady, with mock seriousness, and lingering on every word. Then, in a livelier tone, she added, “*Mais, pourquoi faites-vous si peu de cas de ces belles dames. Ah, maintenant je suis au fait ; je parie que vous êtes jaloux de ce grand Monsieur, qui fait l’aimable auprès d’elles.*”

“*Jaloux de lui, Adeline, êtes-vous folle ?*” replied the other, with an air of conscious superiority, and a look which might have been interpreted, ‘you, at least, do not think so.’ “*C’est la plus grande peste de la société—I l est rempli de fatuité—et, malheureusement, on le rencontre partout.*”

“*La plus grande preuve que sa société est recherchée,*” rejoined the female in the same playful tone.

“*Du tout,*” said the marquis, endeavouring

to conceal his pique ; “ *il se fait valoir comme Paul au ballet. Il danse bien, et voilà tout—Un singe du Jardin des Plantes ferait autant.*”

“ *Vraiment ! danse t-il bien ? j’aime cela à la folie, surtout dans un étranger. Il faut absolument que vous le présentiez chez moi.*”

The marquis bit his lip, and glancing at the opposite range of windows, he beheld Miss Stanley, who, dressed *à la Française*, had never appeared to greater advantage. “ *Connaissez-vous cette dame, St. Armand ?*” he said, in a low voice and turning to his companion.

The young man raised his glass, and after a momentary examination, confessed that he did not. But the female whom he had familiarly called Adeline, again glanced in the direction of our hero, and then turning to the marquis, observed—

“ *Je la crois Anglaise, mais vous—connaissez-vous ce joli garçon qui est auprès d’elle ?*”

“ *Lequel ?*” inquired the marquis ; “ *je vois plusieurs personnes.*”

“ Je parle de ce beau jeune homme avec les yeux noirs et perçans, la taille haute, et une figure distinguée.”

“ Je vois un jeune homme avec des yeux noirs, et la taille haute ; mais je ne le trouve ni beau ni distingué,” replied De Forsac, with some degree of humour.

“ Nous vous connaissons, mon cher Adolphe—vous n'accordez pas facilement le moindre avantage à qui que ce soit de vos rivaux — mais n'importe—c'est bien lui—le connaissez-vous ?”

“ Ma foi, non—comment voulez-vous que je le connaisse ?” returned the marquis, evidently mortified at the praises bestowed on the stranger.

“ Eh bien, mon cher, je vais vous le dire—C'est le jeune Anglais qui vient de se battre avec De Hillier.”

“ Impossible !” exclaimed the marquis and his friend, at the same moment. “ Où avez-vous appris cela ?” continued the former.

“ Ce Monsieur Anglais, qui nous a quitté au moment de votre arrivée nous en a fait part.”

“ *Parbleu il fera fortune parmi nos femmes,*” involuntarily murmured the marquis, “ *mais quelle est cette dame à côté de lui?—est-ce sa sœur?*”

“ *Oh, pour cela, nous n'en savons rien,*” said Madame Dorjeville, who had hitherto remained silent, “ *Ce Monsieur nous a dit, cependant, que ce duel avait été occasionné par une belle dame; et nous aimons à la folie, nous autres femmes, ces preux cavaliers qui se font tuer pour leurs maîtresses.*”

“ *Est-ce ainsi donc!*” sighed the marquis, raising his elegant form and taking the arm of his friend, “ *Adieu, Dorjeville—adieu, Adeline, à ce soir.*”

“ *Adieu, Marquis—adieu, St. Armand. On reçoit chez Astelli aujourd'hui,*” rejoined their companions, who, now left to themselves, drew within the extremity of the line of spectators, while the two Frenchmen continued their lounge up and down the Boulevard, the marquis oc-

casionally glancing at the window which had previously attracted his notice.

During this colloquy, the *cortège* had passed, and the household cavalry were then within a few paces of the spot where Madame Dorjeville and her companions stood, at the inner edge of the line. At the moment when the cuirassiers of the guard came immediately opposite, a temporary delay in the procession caused them to halt, and Delmaine, whose attention was directed to the group, saw an officer, of powerful frame, quit his station in the ranks, and advance towards the females, to whom he gave his hand, with all the freedom of an old acquaintance. Beneath the enormous helmet, and amid the shining plates of steel with which his vast form was encircled, he had no difficulty in recognizing M. de Warner, and he could not account to himself, why he felt uncomfortable in witnessing the familiarity which seemed to exist between the parties. Madame Dorjeville, however, he recollected, had described

herself as being the widow of a colonel of cuirassiers, and he presumed that this officer had served in the same corps, in which case the peculiar freedom of his manner and address might be accounted for. The *cortège* now proceeded, and the cuirassiers moving forward, De Warner prepared to join them, but his horse became suddenly restive, and, plunging with violence, refused to obey the rein. The crowd around, were at first slow in receding, and both Madame Dorjeville and her friend became exceedingly terrified. Another furious plunge brought the unmanageable charger to the very edge of the line. The dense mass by which the retreat of the females was impeded, now suddenly gave way, leaving a space entirely unoccupied, when the younger of the two losing her equilibrium, in the removal of the support against which she had reclined her nearly fainting form, suddenly fell to the earth. At this moment the furious horse had reared so high, as to be nearly thrown on his haunches; and his

pawing feet threatened instant destruction in their descent, to the almost motionless frame of the young Frenchwoman, whom no one seemed possessed of courage or presence of mind sufficient to remove.

The moment was critical. With the swiftness of thought, Delmaine sprang from the *entresol* upon the Boulevard, and fixing his eye steadily upon the head of the animal, while he extended his right arm, caught the bridle near the bit as he descended, and by a powerful and vigorous effort succeeded in turning him round. The unwieldy brute staggered for a moment, as if shot, and then came violently to the ground. De Warner fell under him. His helmet had broken loose, and was soon nearly trodden to pieces by the squadrons of hussars and lancers, which followed after his own corps. His ponderous armour rattled like that of a second Ajax, on the pavement, and his huge frame was nearly covered with dust in the struggles which he made to extricate himself from his steed. Scarce-

ly had our hero accomplished this feat, when, devoting his attention to the young female, he raised her, trembling, and nearly exhausted, from the earth. Her hair was loose, and partially concealed her features, which were now pale from agitation and alarm, but in her soft blue eye there was a touching expression of gratitude and abandonment which it was dangerous to behold. Clifford looked around for Madame Dorjeville, for he felt that the gaze of Miss Stanley was upon them.

That lady, who had been borne away by the receding crowd, now advanced, when her friend, in a low, soft tone of voice, accompanied by a look of ineffable sweetness, took the opportunity to remark—“*Est-ce donc à vous, Monsieur, que je dois la vie?—Oh! quel bonheur!*”

Delmaine involuntarily pressed the hand he held, but was silent. The rear of the procession being now passed, a *fiacre* that had been called, was suffered to draw up, and he hastened to conduct her to it. Madame Dorjeville now

seemed to recognize him for the first time ; and expressing a hope that he would favour them with a visit—although she neglected to give him an address—hurried after her friend, evidently glad of an opportunity to avoid all further conversation. The coach now drove off, and as our hero was in the act of turning, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and nearly at the same instant beheld the huge frame of De Warner, who had been rescued from his disagreeable position by a couple of the *gendarmérie d'élite*, who brought up the rear of the procession.

Vexed and mortified at the ridiculous figure he now exhibited, this officer had given his horse in charge to a bystander, fully determined to fasten a quarrel on the offender. In fact, his appearance at this moment was such as almost to justify his extreme irritability of temper, which increased in proportion with the smiles and titterings of many of the small groups that continued to linger near the spot, in the expectation of a result. His disfigured helmet, covered with dust, stood tottering on the very

extremity of his head, to which it was only secured by the chain which pended from its sides, and encircled his chin. The whole of his right side, his face and hair, were also covered with dust, while a streak of blood, issuing from a slight wound in the temple, produced by a flint he had encountered in his fall, mingled with the latter, and gave a hideous expression to his countenance, now flushed high with the crimson of anger, and contrasting strongly with that of our hero, at this moment unusually and strikingly pale. The right hand of the cuirassier grasped the naked sword which he held at the moment of his fall, and in his left was a spur, which had been torn from his heel in the powerful efforts he had made to extricate himself from his charger. His white military small-clothes were also much soiled; and from the extremity of the cuirass to the elbow, a rent was visible along the right arm of his splendid uniform. In short, with the exception of the bulk and stature, nothing could less resemble

the dashing cavalier who had so recently appeared in all the pride of self-sufficiency at the head of his troop, than the now mortified and indignant Capitaine De Warner.

The first object of the cuirassier, on regaining his feet, was, as we have just observed, to punish the offender; for, though perfectly aware that that act alone had preserved the young female with whom he appeared to be on such terms of familiarity, from serious injury, if not death; still this consideration was insufficient to stifle his indignation at having been made a subject for so much ridicule. It happened at the moment when his unruly charger began so unceremoniously to threaten the lives of his catholic majesty's subjects, that Mrs. Rivers had, after much shuffling and elbowing, contrived to secure a place near the spot where the accident occurred. Now this lady was, as our readers must have remarked on their first introduction, eminently gifted with lungs, and these she thought could never be more appropriately exercised

than on the present occasion. Screaming, therefore, with all her strength, and producing nearly as much terror in the bystanders as the refractory horse itself, the shrill tones of her voice at length reached, and were recognized by her daughters. Mr. Darté was instantly dispatched to her rescue, and now had the happiness of once more supporting the delicate frame of Mrs. Rivers.

Stunned by his fall, and nearly blinded with dust, the cuirassier, whose anger had deprived him of all self-possession, had but an indistinct perception of persons. It is not, therefore, surprising that, amid his confusion, he should have mistaken Mrs. Rivers for the lady just rescued by our hero, or Mr. Darté for the individual by whom he had been overthrown. In this belief he was confirmed by the blood-stained handkerchief which that gentleman still held exposed, and which De Warner naturally supposed to be a sufficient clue to his identity. Advancing, therefore, with rapid strides to the

spot, he extended his right arm in a direct line with the throat of Mr. Darte, much to the terror of that gentleman, the countless folds of whose cravat had never incurred a greater risk of decomposition. Suddenly drawing back, however, he eluded the grasp, and holding Mrs. Rivers as a sort of barrier between them, he inquired, in unfeigned astonishment, what was meant or intended.

“Did you not throw me down, Sir?” demanded De Warner, still extending his arm in a hostile position.

“No, no—no, no, Sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Rivers, before the other could find time to reply. “That is the gentleman;” and she pointed to Delmaine.

The sound of her voice was quite enough to satisfy the cuirassier that he was wrong. “I am very sorry,” he said, bluntly, “I ask your pardon for my mistake;” and he moved towards our hero, who was then closing the door of the

fiacre into which he had just handed Madame Dorjeville and her friend.

“ Pray, Sir, I wish to know what you meant by throwing me down and my horse?” he inquired, in the blustering manner peculiar to him, and in the language of one who, evidently little conversant with the elegancies of his own tongue, rendered the deficiency more remarkable by the foreign accent in which he delivered himself.

In an instant the pale hue of Delmaine’s countenance was succeeded by a glow of indignation, and his eyes, lighted up with momentary passion, flashed on those of De Warner; but suddenly checking his resentment, he endeavoured to reply with calmness, while the trembling tones of his voice betrayed his violent efforts at self command.

“ I am sorry that I should have been the cause of your misfortune, but no other measure could have saved the lady from perishing beneath your horse’s feet. And surely,” he added,

as if he thought this speech too conciliatory, “the life of a human being is not to be measured in the same scale with an accident of the trifling nature you have experienced.”

“Accident of a trifling nature, Sir!” replied De Warner, with increasing vehemence, and emboldened by the temperate language of our hero. “Do you call this a trifling accident, to throw my horse down, and put me in this condition? Did you mean to insult me, Sir?”

“I have already explained the motive of my conduct,” said Clifford, still struggling to subdue his feelings, “and that explanation I conceive to be fully satisfactory. Do you require any thing more, Sir?”

“Do I require any thing more—do I require any thing more!” repeated De Warner, somewhat startled at the fierce look which accompanied the last sentence. “I require, Sir, to know what you meant by throwing me down?”

“I have nothing further to say on the subject,” replied Clifford, sternly. “You have had my

answer, Sir. But this is no place to enter into explanations," he pursued, as he hastened to join his friends, who were still at the same window, anxiously awaiting the termination of the scene, "here is my address." De Warner took the proffered card, and looked at the name, a confused recollection of which passed through his mind at the instant, though he could not remember when or where he had heard it mentioned.

At this moment the marquis and his friend approached ; and condoling with the cuirassier on his misfortune, inquired if he knew the young Englishman by whom he had been so cavalierly treated.

"Know him ! not I, indeed," vociferated De Warner ; "but here is his card, which——"

"*Vous avez raison, mon cher,*" exclaimed the marquis, interrupting him. "*C'est un Dom Quichotte, donc il faut absolument corriger la manie d'aventures. C'est le jeune Anglais qui vient de se battre avec De Hillier.*"

“ *Eh quoi! vous plaisantez, Marquis, ce n'est pas possible,*” rejoined the cuirassier, in evident astonishment.

“ *C'est la Dorjeville qui me l'a dit, et vous savez qu'elle n'ignore rien,*” said the marquis, taking his arm, and proceeding up the Boulevard.

De Warner pondered with the air of one apprehensive of having gone too far, and his passion now seemed considerably abated. Having obtained but an indistinct view of his person in the morning, he had not recognized the opponent of De Hillier in our hero, with whom he was by no means anxious to embroil himself, after what had so recently taken place. Like all bullying and overbearing characters, he wanted that genuine courage of the soul, which is inseparable from good sense and good feeling. His brutal manners and gigantic proportions had hitherto had the effect of intimidating many weak spirits, by whom vulgar boasting and physical power are regarded as never failing indications of

valour ; but *he* had seen enough of Delmaine, even during the last few minutes, to satisfy him that *he* was not to be awed by such contemptible advantages ; and that the most prudent measure he could adopt, would be to suffer the matter to rest altogether. The point now was to convey this sudden change of sentiment to the marquis, in such a manner as to leave no question in regard to his courage ; for he had certainly given him, though indirectly, to understand, that it was his intention to notice what he had so hastily resolved to interpret as an insult.

“ *Ma foi, il me semble qu’après tout j’ai eu tort, Marquis,*” he at length observed, attempting to throw something like playfulness into his gruff voice. “ *Il ne pouvait faire autrement ce jeune homme, qu’en pensez-vous ?*”

The marquis shrugged his shoulders, and looked mysteriously. “ *C’est possible,*” he said, but in a tone intended to convey a contrary

impression ; “ *cependant il faut avouer que c’est une manière d’agir un peu rude.* ”

De Warner felt vexed, for he was anxious, nay, it was necessary to his reputation, that De Forsac should alter his opinion. He now changed his ground.

“ *Il a désavoué toute intention de m’insulter,* ” he continued, “ *aussi, ne vient-il pas de sauver la vie à notre amie Adeline ?* ”

“ *Ne vient-il pas, aussi, d’oter la vie presque à votre ami De Hillier ?* ” returned the marquis, with significant expression.

The cuirassier could have crushed the speaker for the insinuation, but he was politic enough to dissemble, and turn the hint to his own purpose.

“ *Je me décide,* ” he exclaimed. “ *Comme l’ami du comte, cela aurait trop l’air d’une conspiration si je l’appelle en duel. Adieu, Marquis ; adieu, St. Armand.* ”

The adieus were reiterated, and De Warner, taking the bridle from the man who was leading

his horse outside the Boulevard, threw his heavy frame into the saddle, and galloped off towards the barracks of his regiment.

“*La grosse bête !*” said the marquis, when he was out of hearing.

“*Le sauvage Irlandais !*” added St. Armand, following him with his eye-glass.

“*Quel fanfaron ! quel Gascon !*” returned the marquis, with humour, who had his own private views in wishing to embroil De Warner with our hero ; and they continued their remarks in nearly the same strain, until they finally lost sight of him in the distance.

On entering the room, where his friends were anxiously awaiting his return, the countenance of Delmaine had resumed that extreme paleness by which it was overspread previous to his altercation with De Warner, and his whole appearance indicated suffering. Miss Stanley gazed on him in silence, but Dormer earnestly inquired if he was ill. Delmaine replied to the

question by a glance at his side, which was instantly comprehended.

The crowd had now nearly dispersed, and the party set out on their return to Meurice's. On reaching the corner of the Rue de la Paix, they suddenly encountered O'Sullivan, who equally struck by the death-like paleness of our hero's features, and observing that he walked with seeming effort, abruptly exclaimed,

"Bless me, Mr. Delmaine, how ill ye look ! I fear your wound has been more serious than we at first imagined."

"Wound !" hastily repeated Miss Stanley, who now spoke for the first time since the return of our hero ; "what wound ? — You said nothing of a wound, Mr. Dormer."

"A very slight wound indeed," said Dormer, somewhat confusedly, and fixing his eyes on O'Sullivan, in a manner which gave him to understand that he had committed an indiscretion.

“Faith, and sure as I’m alive, I have been committing a blunder,” said the contrite Irishman; “but who could suppose that ye meant the thing to be kept secret?”

“It is nothing, absolutely nothing,” cried Delmaine, hastening to remove the anxiety manifested by Miss Stanley, in the intonations of her voice. “However, Dormer,” he continued, smiling languidly, “I think I shall require a coach.”

“*Appellez un fiacre*,” called Dormer to a commissionaire who stood by, brandishing his brushes, and shouting at intervals “*Bottes à cirer, Messieurs!*”

The man dropped his brushes, and ran to execute the message. The party then proceeded at a slow pace, and gained the corner of the Rue St. Augustin, at the moment when the *fiacre* drew up.

“I wish ye better, Mr. Delmaine,” said O’Sullivan, when the party were seated in the coach. “I am now going home, to put that

little jewel in order, which ye soiled with so much effect this morning. It should have been done long ago, but for this same *fête*, which has filled my rooms, ever since my return, with a host of people; but it is never too late to do a good thing. Good morning, Madam," he concluded, bowing to Miss Stanley.

They soon reached the hotel. The colonel had gone out, but the good old baronet was seated, as usual, near the fire.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter with you, Clifford!" he exclaimed, half rising from his *fautuil*, and throwing down the newspaper as the party entered.

"Nothing, my dear uncle, nothing but a little fatigue and pain. I shall soon be better."

"Mr. Dormer," inquired Miss Stanley, "do you not think it advisable to call in a surgeon?"

"A surgeon!" echoed Sir Edward; "what can we possibly want with a surgeon—a physician seems to be more required in this instance."

Dormer looked at his friend. "There is no occasion for either," said the latter. "The fact is, my dear uncle," he continued, perceiving that some sort of explanation was necessary, and endeavouring to assume a tone of levity, "I did not escape altogether unhurt this morning. My adversary's ball grazed and bruised my side, producing a sensation of extraordinary pain, which had, however, wholly subsided before my return. I can only attribute my present suffering," he added, addressing Dormer, "to the circumstance of my side having come in contact with the window of the *entresol* on my descent to the Boulevard.

Miss Stanley sighed involuntarily, for she recollected the motive which had induced him to take that somewhat dangerous leap; and, in idea, she again beheld the languid form of the fascinating Frenchwoman reclining in his arms.

"I have an infallible specific for external bruises," said Sir Edward, eagerly; "you shall have it in an instant;" and he repaired to his

sleeping-room in search of a small medicine chest, which, at home or abroad, was invariably the companion of his slumbers.

“Positively, I have forgotten to discharge the coach,” suddenly exclaimed Dormer, who fancied that his absence might prove an infallible specific for certain *internal* bruises, which had equally been manifested.

A momentary silence succeeded to his departure. Both Miss Stanley and our hero breathed heavily and quickly—each seemed anxious that the other should speak first, and each felt and regretted that a few moments only of private intercourse would be allowed them, at least, for the present.

“I trust I have not alarmed you, Miss Stanley,” at length observed Clifford, in a low and uncertain voice.

The look which Helen turned on him might have been interpreted, “Indeed you have greatly, deeply alarmed me, and in more respects than one,” while her lips pronounced,

“ I fear you are about to give your friends other causes for anxiety, than that of your actual condition at this moment, Mr. Delmaine.”

“ And am I to class *you* among the number of these friends? Do *you* feel an interest in me ?” inquired our hero.

“ I do,” said Helen, with emotion. Then taking the hand which he had extended, “ This is no moment for unworthy disguise or fastidious delicacy. Do you imagine I can so readily forget the painful occurrences of this day, or that I can behold those sufferings, which I have innocently occasioned, without feeling the warmest, the deepest interest, in the result ?”

“ Oh, talk not of these,” interrupted Delmaine, with impassioned earnestness ; “ there is nothing in this world that I would not do to secure your favour and esteem.”

The eyes of Helen sunk beneath his gaze. “ Will you give me one proof of the truth of

your assertion?" she replied; "one only proof, Mr. Delmaine?"

"Name it," cried Clifford, with eagerness, "name a thousand, that I may comply with them all!"

"Nay, that would be extremely foolish, indeed," replied Helen, smiling, "and would be rather a Quixotic undertaking; but, seriously, what I require is, that you will not engage in any thing of a serious nature with that ruffian-looking officer to whom you gave your card. Indeed, Mr. Delmaine, if you are inclined to study the happiness of your friends, you will seek to subdue the impetuosity of your character on all such occasions." She paused, as if she felt she had gone too far.

Clifford looked grave. He had given his card to De Warner, and there was every probability that some step would be taken in consequence.

"Dear Miss Stanley," he at length exclaimed, "you must be aware that my honour is in some

degree at stake in this affair. Do not then persist in exacting a promise, the fulfilment of which, must sink me not only in your estimation, but in my own. Ask any thing but this, and you will not find me slow to accord it."

There was a melody in the imploring tones of his rich voice, beyond any thing Helen had hitherto felt, and his dark eyes were raised to hers, with so much softness and supplication of expression, that she found it impossible to withstand this appeal.

"Then I waive my privilege for once," she added, smiling; "but with this proviso only, that you do nothing to provoke a meeting; and that, in future, you endeavour to curb that fiery nature of yours, which will otherwise become a perpetual source of torment and anxiety to those most interested in your welfare."

Delmaine's heart swelled with delight. "My dear Miss Stanley, but deign to continue the same interest in a creature so every way erring and imperfect as myself, and I shall readily be

moulded to your will. However," he pursued, "if I may credit the account of the eccentric Irishman from whom we just parted, there is no great danger of this affair being pursued to extremities. The gigantic curiassier, whom you beheld this morning, is by no means so formidable an enemy as the one I have had the good fortune to vanquish. The principal point at present, will be to keep my uncle in utter ignorance of the circumstance."

"True," rejoined Helen; "his affection for you is great, and these things can only have a tendency to annoy him, and give an unfavorable turn to his complaint."

"Here is the specific," said Sir Edward, entering abruptly. Miss Stanley coloured deeply, and withdrew her captive hand, which our hero, in relinquishing, pressed with significant expression.

"I thank you, my dear uncle. As you have given yourself so much trouble, the virtues of your specific shall certainly be put to the test."

Dormer now entered, and Clifford taking his arm, moved towards the door.

“Do not forget the directions,” said Sir Edward; “you will find them written on the paper which encircles the bottle—the specific is infallible.”

“I am sure that the specific just given me is infallible,” observed Delmaine, emphatically, and stealing a glance at Miss Stanley; “the very anticipation of its effects has already afforded me relief.”

“So I had predicted,” thought Dormer, as he again quitted the apartment with his friend.

CHAPTER IX.

TIME rolled on in the usual routine of Parisian amusements. Sir Edward and the colonel were now established in their new apartments in the Rue de la Paix, and Delmaine had taken lodgings in the hotel in which Dormer resided. The notoriety attached to his duel had been the means of introducing him to a host of people, both French and English, and invitations poured in from every quarter. To many of the more respectable families of the *ancienne noblesse*, he found easy access; and *fêted* and caressed by all, the handsome English-

man was the nine days wonder of the moment. But it was not simply for his courage or his personal beauty, that the Parisian women admired him. Delmaine spoke the French language with nearly as much facility as he spoke his own, and understanding its idiom, had at command a fund of wit and repartee, which both flattered and delighted. But the chief passport to favour, was, that amiability of disposition with women, to which we have already alluded, as rendering him anxious to consult the feelings and peculiarities of those he was disposed to like, even at the sacrifice of his own opinions.

“*Mais c'est impossible, vous n'êtes pas Anglais, Monsieur Delmaine,*” said the young Comtesse de Sabreuil, to him one evening after having attentively listened to some lively sallies of his imagination, uttered at the termination of a waltz.

“*Et pourquoi pas, Madame ?*” replied our hero, smiling, and affecting surprise.

“*Vous ne ressemblez en rien à vos compa-*

tristes—Les Anglais sont toujours si tristes, si maussades. Mais vous—vous êtes absolument Français—N'est-ce pas, ma belle?" she added, touching Miss Stanley, who sat near her, with her fan.

Helen smiled an affirmative, but it was that sickly smile which indicates the heart ill at ease. Since the eventful epoch of the duel, when a partial avowal of more than common-place sentiments had escaped them, she beheld with pain, the readiness with which our hero entered into the several amusements that courted him on every hand, and seemed to have been prepared expressly for him. She saw much to admire in Clifford, but she also saw much to condemn; her strong natural good sense, led her to perceive the weak points of his character, but with all that weakness, there was a frankness of manner, a winning gentleness of deportment, and a generosity of feeling, which made his very failings appear as virtues; and though she remarked that, in his usual address to

women, the tones of his voice were rich, melodious, and touching, while his eyes sparkled with animation ; yet she also observed, that, when he addressed her, there was a subdued expression in both, that to a sensible woman was far more flattering and endearing."

Our hero, it is true, had not made any actual declaration of attachment ; but a thousand little nothings, which often speak more forcibly than a mere form of words, a variety of trifling attentions, which subdue the heart before it is conscious of being assailed, and above all, the eloquent language of his gaze had conveyed an impression to her mind which she could not but admit, arose wholly out of the conviction that he had not beheld her with indifference. Often, even amid his sallies of gaiety, his eyes would lose their fire and their vivacity as they lingered on her countenance, and assume a tenderness of expression that was perfectly in unison with the play of his ever varying features. At these moments, Helen felt, that whatever might

be the charm of his conversational powers with others, the real intelligence of soul existed only, and as if by intuition, between themselves.

At one of the evening parties which he now attended, Delmaine had been introduced to the Marquis de Forsac, a nobleman, uniting many accomplishments and powerful abilities, with the most finished elegance of manner and person. The marquis had, at an earlier period of his life, been remarkable for his beauty; and even now, although in his fortieth year, and notwithstanding the ravages dissipation had made on his fine countenance, he still retained many traces of his former self. The passions which had ever reigned predominant in his breast, were still powerful and unsubdued, and he had the peculiar talent of fascinating all whom it suited his purposes to conciliate. Beneath an air of much generosity, he, however, concealed a viciousness of heart and a selfishness of feeling, that would not have hesitated at the sacrifice of the whole world to the attainment of any parti-

cular object. During a long life of pleasure and extravagance, he had contrived to dissipate a handsome fortune, having scarcely enough left at the present moment, to keep up that appearance which was required from his rank and position in society. A refined *roué* from his earliest years, both from habit and principle, De Forsac shrank dismayed from the idea of binding himself in other chains than those which love had forged; but his increasing embarrassments led him, at length, to think seriously of forming a connexion with some rich Englishwoman, (that never-failing resource of needy men, and needy Frenchmen in particular,) whose gold could enable him to pursue the same licentious career.

With De Forsac, however, mere wealth was not a sufficient inducement to embark on the perilous ocean of matrimony. He required that the woman on whom he bestowed his name and title, should be distinguished not less for personal attractions and accomplishments, than for worldly advantages. Not that his prin-

ciples could possibly lead him to prize those qualities in one whom the name of wife must have rendered odious to him, but that his self-love might be gratified by the envy and admiration of his companions and friends. His confidence in himself was unbounded, and he deemed that he had only to propose himself to any woman to be accepted. Moving in the first circles, he had every facility of introduction; but though he hourly met with women who were both ready and willing to barter their liberty and gold for the magic sound of Madame la Marquise, De Forsac had not yet encountered one whose style he fancied such as to reflect credit upon his choice, and entitle her to that distinction. He had, however, been particularly struck by the commanding beauty of Miss Stanley on the morning of the funeral, and had too much penetration not to perceive that the superior stranger was one who had the *entrée* into the first society. The rich proportions of her person, the luxuriant masses of her

dark hair, and the warm expression of her varying and animated countenance, were well calculated to produce an effect on such a man as De Forsac, and his scheming mind rapidly embraced the probability of making them his own. That she was rich he did not doubt: the air of fashion which pervaded her whole appearance, was with him an evidence of the fact; and he resolved to embark all his energies in the pursuit of one whom he felt he could passionately love even as his wife.

He had not, however, beheld Delmaine without dismay; for although in the short colloquy which ensued between the two females and himself, he affected to treat their encomiums on his person with disdain, De Forsac was compelled secretly to admit that our hero was peculiarly formed to please, and likely to prove a most formidable rival; but when he discovered that this same individual was the being who had discomfited his friend De Hillier, his envy was excited to the highest possible pitch, though

he had the address to conceal his mortification, and to treat the affair with affected levity. For a moment he endeavoured to persuade himself that he was the brother of the beautiful Englishwoman ; but as he fixed his eyes for a moment on the spot where they stood, he was at once satisfied, from their manner, that *theirs* was not the relationship of brother and sister.

From this faint hope, the marquis was recalled to his original conviction. He knew the female heart too well not to be aware that personal courage, united to strong physical attraction and pleasing manners, is ever a passport to favour. In the former he felt himself to be deficient ; and cursing the event which was likely to give much notoriety to our hero, from that moment hated him. Yet De Forsac was not a man likely to relinquish a pursuit in which he had an interest in embarking. He had too good an opinion of himself, and of those powers of pleasing which had hitherto stood unrivalled, to doubt his final success with any woman.

An immediate introduction was now the chief point to be considered, and he resolved to attend every party in the metropolis, in the hope of meeting with the beautiful stranger. Fertile in expedient, his active mind suggested the policy of his forming an intimacy with our hero, whom he fancied he could succeed in detaching, at least for a time, from the object of his pursuit. A long acquaintance with the passions, had made him a ready diviner of the feelings of others, when not shrouded with that almost impenetrable veil in which he concealed his own : and in the open countenance of Clifford he fancied he read indications of passion which might be turned to his own advantage. All the wily artifice of his nature he was now resolved to summon to his aid ; and with the full determination to make the beautiful Helen his wife, in spite of every obstacle, he commenced his operations.

De Forsac was not long in procuring the wished for introduction. Colonel Stanley had

been provided with several letters, which, in consequence of the change in his plans, he now found extremely useful. Of a very few of these, however, he thought proper to avail himself; and it was at a party given by the Comte de Sabreuil, that the marquis, who was particularly intimate with that nobleman, first met and was presented to Miss Stanley and her party. Here every doubt as to a more than commonplace intimacy was entirely dispelled; and the envious De Forsac saw but too plainly, that unless his rival could be detached from Helen by the seldom failing aid of temptation, there was no hope for him.

With a view, therefore, to this object, he attached himself to our hero; and by the fascination of his manner, contrived to inspire him with a desire for further acquaintance. Colonel Stanley was also particularly delighted with the rich fund of wit and exhaustless stores of information, which the conversation of the marquis elicited. He had travelled much, had served

in the French armies, and spoke a variety of languages with a fluency that could only be equalled by a native. With Helen he conversed on painting, music, and sculpture, with all the ease and freedom of a master ; while the light and delicate manner in which he wielded the shafts of ridicule and satire, both amused and surprised her ; and she could not but admit that De Forsac was one of the most accomplished men that graced the circles of French society. Never had he appeared to greater advantage than on this evening : satisfied with the impression he had made, he returned to his hotel with as much love for Helen, as hatred for Clifford, and with a full determination to leave no art untried to sacrifice the one, and to possess the other.

A few days after this event, our hero, much to his surprise, found a note of invitation to a *bal paré*, lying on the table, which, on opening, he found to bear the signature of "Astelli." Who Astelli was, he knew not, though he had

some faint recollection of the name having been introduced in the course of Dormer's narrative. Unwilling to yield to any temptation of the kind, he threw it by with a firm resolution not to avail himself of the invitation.

On the following morning, as he yet sat at breakfast, he was favoured with a visit from his new friend, the marquis, who came to inquire if he had received a card for the splendid ball to be given that evening at Madame Astelli's.

"There it is," was his reply, pointing to the note, which lay upon the mantel-piece; "but how is it, marquis, that I have been so far favoured? I have never seen this Madame Astelli, and certainly she can have no knowledge of me."

"Oh, that is easily explained," said De Forsac, smiling: "the notoriety attached to your recent affair, has made your name familiar with every circle; besides, you cannot but consider this invitation as being highly complimentary,

since Astelli's cards to her *bals parés*, are always confined to men of a certain class and *ton*."

"I am extremely obliged, indeed, for the honour she is pleased to confer on me," said Delmaine; "but from what I can understand, Madame Astelli's parties are open to all the world—as much to the Chevalier d'Industrie, as to the man of rank and honour—provided her rooms are well filled, it matters not by whom, or in what manner."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," interrupted the marquis, "you have received a false impression of the thing altogether; you may rely upon it that *en fait d'hommes* there can be nothing more select in all Paris; and as for the women, they are such as you will seldom meet with in any society, in any country in the world. Besides," he added, with an air of seriousness, "you do not imagine that I would either advise your going, or venture there myself, did I con-

ceive the place to be at all of a doubtful character?"

This last argument staggered Delmaine, and he fancied that the high colouring given to the description of Dormer, had originated more in disappointment than in positive conviction. He thought at least there could be no harm in visiting the place once, and judging for himself; and he was on the point of yielding to the persuasions of De Forsac, when he suddenly recollected that he had promised to accompany Miss Stanley that evening to the French Opera.

"I cannot possibly go this evening," he remarked, "for I now recollect that I have an engagement of two days standing."

"Some party of no consequence, I presume?" said the marquis; "you can send an apology."

"Impossible! I am engaged to accompany Colonel and Miss Stanley this evening to the Opera."

The heart of De Forsac bounded within

him at the intelligence ; he saw that Clifford's resolution was staggered ; and could he but succeed in making him break this engagement, it would, he fancied, be the first step towards the accomplishment of his object. He was prepared to expect some opposition to his proposal, and had provided himself for the occasion.

“ I know,” he said, taking a letter from his pocket, “ that you possess too much gallantry to fail in any engagement with a lady ; but what shall I say to the fair writer of this billet, or how shall I contrive to make my peace with her, for the want of success attendant on my negociation ? But read, and judge for yourself.”

Clifford took the embossed paper from his hands, and read as follows :—

“ *Mon cher Marquis,*

“ *Il y a bal paré ce soir chez Astelli ; on dit que vous êtes devenu l'ami intime du jeune Anglais, auquel je dois la vie : tâchez de l'amener avec*

vous : je ne puis résister plus long-temps, au désir que j'éprouve de lui témoigner toute ma reconnoissance.

“ Votre Amie,

“ ADELINE DORJEVILLE.”

“ P.S. Ne manquez pas de grâce. Envoyez votre réponse.”

While he read this short missive, the image of the fascinating Frenchwoman arose to his mind. Again, in imagination, he beheld her reclining in his arms ; again he fancied he heard the warm expressions of gratitude which had been suffered to escape her lips ; and the assurance so unequivocally afforded him, that she had not ceased to recollect the circumstances under which they met, together with the conviction that it rested with himself alone to see her again that night, all tended to shake his resolution.

De Forsac watched his varying countenance, and was too well versed in the study, not to

perceive how the conflict in his mind was likely to terminate.

“ Well, what am I to say ?” he demanded, carelessly. “ Do you accompany the Stanleys, whom you see every day, and every moment of your life, or do you yield to the prayers of one who seems to be dying to pour forth the effusions of a grateful heart ? Recollect, this may be the only opportunity you will have of seeing her, for she talks of accompanying her mother, Madame Dorjeville, into the south.”

“ Her mother !” repeated Clifford, with surprise. “ You do not mean to say that the person who was with her on the day of the accident, is her mother ?”

“ The same,” replied the marquis. “ I knew Colonel Dorjeville intimately ; his wife was once what her daughter is now.”

“ But she has another child,” observed our hero ; “ has she not—a child about five or six years of age ?”

“ Yes—a child that was born about three months after her husband’s death. But why do

you ask? I thought you were an utter stranger to Madame Dorjeville?"

"I travelled in the diligence with her from Calais," said Clifford; "our acquaintance is limited to that."

"What!" exclaimed De Forsac, "are you the young Englishman to whom Madame Dorjeville was indebted for assistance, when she was so unfortunate as to lose her purse?"

"The same; but, may I inquire in my turn, how you became acquainted with that trifling circumstance?"

"Ah!" replied De Forsac, "the gratitude of a woman's heart will always burst forth into generous expression. You must positively go; Madame Dorjeville is dying to behold you once more—you, who have more than ever secured her gratitude by the gallant manner in which you preserved her daughter's life. *A propos*," he resumed, after a short pause, "have you heard any thing from Capitaine De Warner, whom you so unceremoniously rolled in the dust? I believe

you gave him your card?" and De Forsac's penetrating eye was fastened upon the countenance of Delmaine as he spoke.

"Not a word," said our hero. "I waited at home several mornings, in the expectation of a message, but none arrived, and the period is now gone past."

"*Le poltron*," muttered the marquis, half aside, and involuntarily, "but what shall I say?" he added, going to the *secrétaire*, and taking up a pen. "Must I inform Mademoiselle Dorjeville that she is doomed to lose all the anticipated pleasure of the evening, or shall I say that her *preux chevalier Anglais*, is ready to do homage to those charms which, but for him, would have been at this moment mouldering in the *Père la Chaise*."

"Well, I suppose I must go," said Clifford; "but how shall I excuse myself to the Stanleys?"

"Write a note," replied De Forsac, "and my servant shall drive my cab round, and leave

it at the porter's lodge, after he has been to Adeline with my billet."

"But they will think it singular that I do not call myself," resumed our hero.

"You can say," returned the marquis, "that you are just setting off for St. Cloud with some friends; for, by the way, I have such an engagement in view for you. We shall meet two or three young men, dine early, and return in good time to dress."

To this Delmaine assented, and De Forsac, now satisfied that he had gained his point, filled up the interval between the departure and return of his cabriolet, with rich, but not fulsome encomiums on the beauty of the young female, obscurely hinting, at the same time, that it depended altogether on our hero to improve the advantage he already possessed over a thousand less fortunate rivals.

On the return of the servant, Delmaine had completed his toilette for the morning, and they now issued forth on their new expedition.

At the bottom of the staircase they met Dormer. De Forsac, who had not been regardless of the intimacy between the young men, had too much penetration not to perceive the friendly Mentorship which the one was suffered to exercise over the other. He now dreaded an interruption to his project. From the first introduction of Dormer to De Forsac, a sort of jealous defiance and distrust had subsisted on either side, which was, however, never otherwise manifested than in the studied politeness of their manner, and the involuntary and haughty drawing back of their persons, whenever they came unavoidably in contact with each other.

“What, Delamine, going out already?” inquired his friend, with an air of disappointment at seeing him in the society of the marquis.

“Off to St. Cloud, where we intend dining. Will you join us, Dormer?”

“Impossible,” was the stiff reply. “I am engaged to dine in town; but you will, of course, be back in time for the French Opera. You know we have engaged ourselves to the Stanleys.”

“ I am afraid not,” stammered Clifford, a slight flush crimsoning his cheek as he remarked the look of disappointment and surprise with which his friend regarded him.

“ And why?” demanded Dormer, still keeping his eye intently fixed on him.

“ Because I have another, and a very particular engagement for this evening, and I have sent an apology to the Stanleys.”

“ Because you have another and a very particular engagement, and you have sent an apology to the Stanleys !” repeated Dormer, sarcastically.

Not less vexed at the reproach tacitly conveyed in the repetition of his words, than at the satirical smile which played upon the features of the marquis, who stood during this short colloquy, tapping his boot with his slight whalebone cane, and half humming a trifling popular air of the day, Delmaine grew angry.

“ Mr. Dormer,” he exclaimed, hastily, “ I presume I am at liberty to form my own engagements, without consulting the opinions of others

on the question of their propriety or impropriety."

"Most assuredly, Mr. Delmaine," proudly rejoined his friend; then bowing stiffly, and noticing the marquis simply by that haughty drawing back of his person, to which we have already alluded, he turned on his heel and ascended to his apartment.

A feeling of shame and bitter regret stole across the mind of our hero; he felt that he was wrong, and was about to follow and apologize, when the impulse was suddenly checked by an observation from De Forsac. The latter had watched the progress of this little misunderstanding with deep interest, though the outward air of carelessness which he had assumed, would have led any one to imagine that he had been studiously contriving to avoid listening to the conversation. Here was another and an unexpected opening to the accomplishment of his plans. Could he succeed in subverting the influence of Dormer, by arousing the angry

feelings of Delmaine, he had no doubt of his eventual success ; but the point was to do this with address, and in such a manner as would most affect him—namely, through the medium of his *amour-propre*.

“ You certainly have an excellent Mentor,” he observed, as soon as they were seated in the cabriolet ; “ it must be delightful to have a friend of one’s own age, ever ready and willing to give one advice. For my part, however, I hate advice where I do not ask it—*c’est fort gênant, et surtout devant une troisième personne.*”

This was touching the sensitive chord. Had his friend remonstrated in private on the subject, Clifford could have borne any observation ; but to be thus taken to task before a third person, was what his pride and high feeling could not endure. The satirical smile of De Forsac seemed to insinuate—in fact, had been meant to say—that he considered him in leading-strings, and such a supposition he could not brook for an instant.

“Dormer is by no means my Mentor,” he replied; “but as a very old friend and companion, he thinks he is justified in using the language of expostulation. In fact, it is to his representations that you are to attribute my extreme reluctance to visit Astelli’s.”

“Then I will stake my existence he has lost his money there,” said De Forsac. “I never yet knew a man who was unfortunate in any one of these houses, who did not abuse them all indiscriminately afterwards.”

Delmaine could not deny this, and began once more to think that much of Dormer’s prejudice against these establishments had arisen out of his repeated losses.

“I believe he has been unfortunate,” was his reply; “but latterly he has given up these haunts entirely, and his advice to me has been the result of his own experience, and his sincere interest in my happiness.”

“Well,” returned De Forsac, “it may be all very proper and very kind to warn one of the

rock on which we have foundered ourselves ; but to compel one to steer a particular course in despite of our own wishes and judgment, is, it must be confessed, somewhat arbitrary."

Delmaine said nothing, although he thought so too. Still his mind was ill at ease ; he had broken his engagement with the Stanleys ; he had offended his friend by his warmth, and he was about to enter into a scene which he had understood was covered with roses, but beneath which lurked a thousand thorns ; and he felt, as he rolled rapidly towards St. Cloud, that that evening was to decide the happiness or misery of his future existence.

After sauntering about for a few hours in the park and garden, they sat down, with two other young men, officers of the guard, to an early dinner. The conversation turning on the reigning beauties of the day, one of the strangers, a cousin of De Forsac, happened to mention Adeline Dorjeville, to whom he alluded in terms *un peu leste*, when the marquis, catching his

eye, gave him to understand, by his peculiar glance, that he wished the subject to be discontinued. The officer instantly took the hint, and spoke of some other woman, then a favorite of the moment. Clifford, who had not been unobservant of the circumstance, felt pained at the remarks that had been made, but said nothing.

On their return to Paris, Delmaine inquired of his servant, a long tried domestic of his father's, if Mr. Dormer had left a message for him. His chagrin was great when informed that he had not ; he proceeded to his toilette with a heavy heart, and one of those gloomy forebodings of evil by which the human imagination is so often and so unaccountably assailed. During the whole of the day he had flattered himself with the hope that Dormer would not have cherished his resentment beyond the passing moment, and that a card, or some slight document, would have been left in his absence, as a testimonial of the fact. He would willingly have retreated if he could ; and even the inconsistency of

breaking his promise with De Forsac would, in all probability, have had little effect in deterring him, had Dormer been there to strengthen him in his resolution, or had he not actually sent his apology to the Stanleys. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, the marquis suddenly entered, brilliant in fashion, and unusually animated.

“What !” he exclaimed, “in a brown study, and looking as if you were going to be hanged, when the brightest eyes in the world are languishing to behold you? Come, cheer up, my dear fellow, and let your countenance wear any other expression than this, if you wish to make an impression on Adeline.”

The very name of Adeline had a singular fascination for Clifford, who was no sooner recalled to a sense of the pleasure which actually awaited him, than his features brightened up, and he replied, with a smile—

“I was not aware of having been in a brown study ; but if so, it has arisen, I presume, from

the ennui of remaining so long in expectation of your arrival."

The marquis had too much penetration to believe a word of this, but he had also too much tact and judgment to suffer the shadow of a contrary impression to appear.

"By the by," he said, as they were about to depart, and suddenly putting his hand into his pocket, "I must beg you to wait a moment, until I send to my lodgings for my purse, which I have forgotten. Shall I ring for my servant?" he added, approaching the bell.

"By no means," returned Delmaine; "I can supply you with what you want."

"Well, it will save time," rejoined De Forsac, "and I can return it to you to-morrow. Let me see: I suppose there will be a little play to-night, and I shall be obliged to have a few Napoleons; let me have fifty."

"Are you sure that will be enough?" said Clifford, handing him a five hundred franc-note and a *rouleau* of gold.

“ Oh, plenty,” rejoined De Forsac ; “ I never play high, and here is much more than I shall feel inclined to risk this evening.”

END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

- Page 24, line 12, for "maître d'Hôtel," read *Hotel-keeper*.
— 41, — 17, for "proposed," read *professed*.
— 43, — 6, for "Calais," read *Paris*.
— 51, — 6, for "telling," read *tolling*.
— 55, — 6, for "earnest," read *correct*.
— 90, — 1, for "descriptions," read *description*.
— 212, — 14, for "his chest," read *the chest*.

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